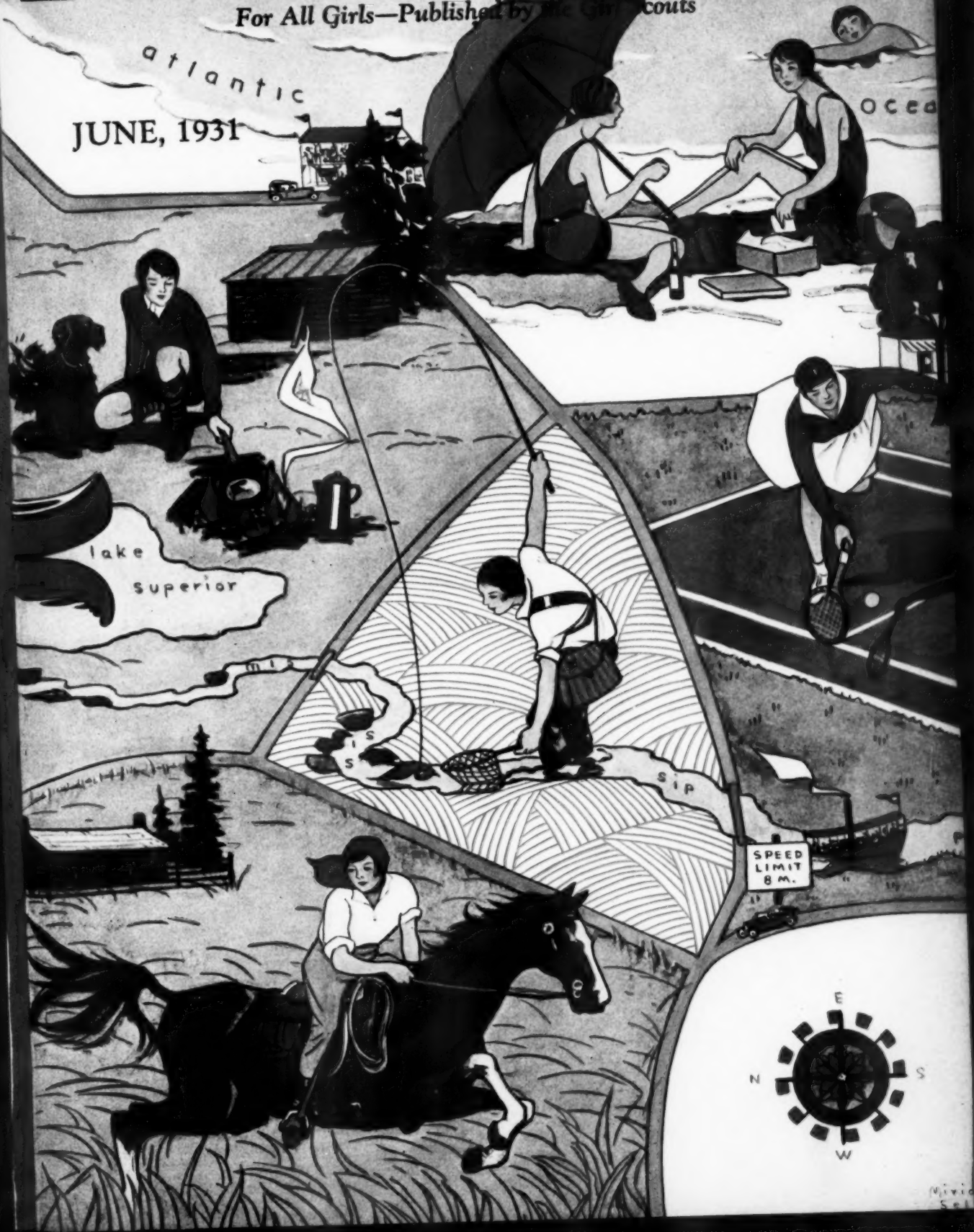


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JUNE, 1931



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By ETHEL COOK ELIOT
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

Along the Editor's Trail

THERE is something about June that encourages dreaming rather than doing. Perhaps it is the calm blue of the skies and the soft warmth of the air; perhaps it is that in June vacation is so near that we have relaxed in anticipation of it without having started any of the activities and plans which will take up our time as soon as school has closed; perhaps it is that June is the first month in which we can feel sure of summer weather after the vagaries of spring. But whatever it is, a June day seems made for those thoughts that carry us far away into the fanciful places and improbable situations that we wish were the actualities of everyday life.

Day-dreams are what they are called. And nearly everybody has them. But to some people they are ends, and to others they are means. Psychologists say that too much day-dreaming is bad; it makes for fuzzy, illogical thinking and prevents a proper adjustment to the realities of life. But to have no day-dreams at all, never to gaze ahead and picture the things one hopes for, is just as unfortunate. For the right kinds of day-dreams are the stuff that achievements are made of. The dreams themselves may seem impossible when considered in more practical moments. The girl who wants to be a singer, perhaps, fancies herself on the stage of the Metropolitan, enchanting huge audiences with her exquisite voice; or



the ambitious young sculptor dreams of being hailed as a second Rodin by the art critics of Paris, or the girl with a taste for strange places and new adventures sees herself as an explorer, piercing the dark depths of some unknown jungle or discovering a new river.

All these things may be impossible of achievement. Everyone who has a voice cannot be a Lily Pons; everyone with a small talent for modeling cannot be a Rodin; everyone with a yearning for discovery cannot lead an expedition into the wilderness. But if these dreams of great accomplishment

are harnessed to reality; if the would-be opera star makes as much as she can of her opportunities for developing her voice, and the ambitious sculptor tries seriously to master the principles of her difficult art, and the traveler keeps her eyes open for the new and strange things that are all about her, life will be fuller and more interesting for all of them, even if they never go more than a tenth of the way to the goals they have imagined for themselves.

Yes, day-dreams are worthwhile if they serve to point the way toward achievement. They are the index of our ambitions and of our hopes for the future. But indolent June days cannot last forever, however much we may want them to, and no dream alone can take the place of living and doing.

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 50

MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Managing Editor*

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WE HAVE had several comments this month on the articles on music, and they seem to have met with a great deal of favor. In fact, we've had lots of nice letters on all kinds of things. For instance, Ethel Grevert of Valley Stream, New York says, "At last my wishes have come true! A boarding-school mystery and the lives of composers both in the same magazine. *Mystery at Shadylawn* is splendid. All my girl friends and even my aunt and brother are waiting impatiently for the next issue. Every bit of the April magazine held my interest." Carol Louise Hewitt of Clarks-ville, Missouri says that she thinks *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is wonderful. "I have read many magazines," Carol writes, "but I like yours the best of all."

ANNA PAULSON of Hollis, New York says, "I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed the March issue. I always like the picture spread in the middle of the book but this month it was exceptionally good." Ellen Jane Crosby of Seattle, Wash-ington says, "THE AMERICAN GIRL is my dearest friend, and I think anyone who does not like it is almost inhuman."

SO FAR *Gabelle Waring's Career* has received favorable criticism. Norma Chamberlain of New Britain, Connecticut writes, "I adore Jane Abbott, and I'd give anything for a serial in about ten instal-ments written by her. *Gabelle Waring's Career* was cute, but had a disappointing ending. I rather hoped that Joan's family would come to and treat her as well as the rest."

I'M SO pleased with the new series of articles on famous musicians," writes Charlotte Parker of Whitney Point, New York. "I quite agree with Sylvia Kane that our magazine should have some articles on dance and drama, for I think that nearly all girls are interested in both. But let's give three cheers for the music articles!"

Charlotte ought to be pleased with the article on social dancing in this issue; and so should Lorena Faler of Kansas City. Lorena thought, too, that we should have an article on dancing.

ALICE BEERBANK of Rockport, Massa-chusetts writes that she is glad that the music articles have begun. "This article is interesting and educational," Alice says. "I think now that this article is the best one of any I have seen dealing with com-posers and their lives. Here's hoping that you continue them as long as *THE AMERICAN GIRL* issues its magazine." We're glad Alice liked the article, and can promise her

Well, of All Things!

at least five more articles on famous com-posers in not-to-distant issues of the maga-zine.

ELLEN OSBORNE of New Rochelle, New York says that she disagrees with Sylvia Kane entirely about having more material on music, but she thinks it would be nice to have something on ballroom dancing. Apparently lots of girls are going to be pleased by Miss Marsh's article on dancing this month.

OUR April story, *The Shower Stick*, must have made a hit, judging from the letters we have had about it. Ruth and Esther Rowe of Lewiston, Maine write that they liked it a lot. Ruth says she just reveled in the April gardening article and she's going to start a garden as soon as the ground is suitable for working. The Rowe girls both thought there should be more contests in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. They are probably pleased at the contest announced by Miss Cades in the May issue of the magazine.

I ENJOYED *The Shower Stick* which was an interesting, different kind of story, although there really wasn't much to it," writes Peggie Sullivan of Portland, Oregon. Althea Wagg of Oswego, New York writes, "I liked *The Shower Stick* very, very much. I thought O'Norah was just as lovable as she could be." Althea says also that she would love some old-fashioned stories. "I can't think of one that we've had since *Red Coats and Blue*," she says, "and I hadn't become acquainted with *THE AMERICAN GIRL* then, so I missed that." You ought to like *A Present from Paris* then, Althea, in this issue. Incidentally, Althea thinks the *Laugh and Grow Scout* page is the best column she has read. Marion Rogers of Philadelphia writes in defense of the joke page, too. She says, "No one should complain about the *Puzzle*

Pack or Laugh and Grow Scout. The jokes are awfully funny, and puzzles set the brain working."

I ENJOYED the article on Ping-pong in the April number," says Dorothy Hamil-ton of Bowman, North Dakota. "I like an article much better if it is written in story form." We're glad to hear it and we hope most of our other readers like Mary Ellen, too.

RUTH STELLJES of Jersey City writes, "The story *Mary Ellen and Ping-pong* was excellent. I love playing the game and think it is very quick and fascinating. I do wish someone would give lessons in the modern games such as bridge and back-gammon, and also dancing." There's that same request for an article on dancing, again.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON of Kent's Hill, Maine writes that she doesn't care for Jo Ann, probably because she never saw a girl of that type. Elizabeth doesn't like the illustrations, either. "I liked *The Shower Stick* and *Mary Ellen and Ping-pong*," she writes, "but did not care for the type of illustrations used in the latter. And last but not least comes the poem, *A Blackbird Suddenly*. I think it was beautiful, and was just crazy about it."

AMELIA CHRISTENSEN of Gazelle, California says, "I think *Mystery at Shadylawn* is keen, if the rest of it is like the three instalments I have read. I am crazy about the Jo Ann stories. I like the illustrations in *Mystery at Shadylawn* and the Jo Ann stories best of any I have seen in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

OLIVE CROSBY of Worcester, Massa-chusetts writes that she likes the magazine very much. She says, "As for illustrations, I like Edward Poucher's and Robb Beebe's drawings extremely, and I liked the illustrations by Harvé Stein for *Vagabond's Ward*. Maybe it sounds funny to some girls, but I really like the Mary Ellen pictures; I find them very humorous indeed." We hope that that doesn't sound too funny to other girls, and that most of them like the Mary Ellen pictures too. Let us know your mind about them, and about other illustrations in the magazine.

We want more and more girls to write to *Well, of All Things!* during the next few months. We are anxious to hear from as many of you as possible, and hope that you will tell us what you think of the magazine in general and of each of the different features.

When you write to advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

JUNE · 1931

Beginning a story of a plucky ranch girl by LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Tad of the Heart Seven

TAD LAFFERTY of the old Heart Seven ranch had never met a stranger in her life. At least no one could be a stranger long, for Tad's wide grin, her sparkling blue eyes, that smattering of freckles across her nose were as disarmingly friendly as a six-year-old boy's.

Even now, coming home on the train that chugged across the gray-brown plains, the surly conductor had not once pointed out the sign that read, "All dogs must travel in the baggage car." When he passed Tad and she smiled up at him, he pretended not to see the roguish face of a tiny black and white dog sticking out of Tad's coat pocket. "Slow Water is next," he said. "Will someone from the Heart Seven be in to meet you?"

Tad shook her head. "No—they're not expecting me." A cloud quivered for an instant across her face and unconsciously her hand reached in the bottom of the pocket where little Nuisance was tucked, and she pulled out a letter which she had read a dozen times since its arrival that morning.

The letter was addressed to Miss Theodora Lafferty, Goodell School for Girls, and was from Octavious Carey, the lanky, droll, six-foot cowhand on the Heart Seven.

Dear Tad:

I will take my pen in hand to answer your questions concerning all of the folks at the Heart Seven.

Tad smiled whimsically at the stilted letters and stilted phrasing. It was much easier for Octave to take a hot branding iron or lariat in hand than a pen.

Your father, Mr. Patrick Lafferty, is scarcely himself. The stiffness in his knee which was caused by the kick given him by the black mare, Ripper—

"And I'd like to rip her head open!" muttered Tad vengefully. "She always was a stubborn chuckle-head."

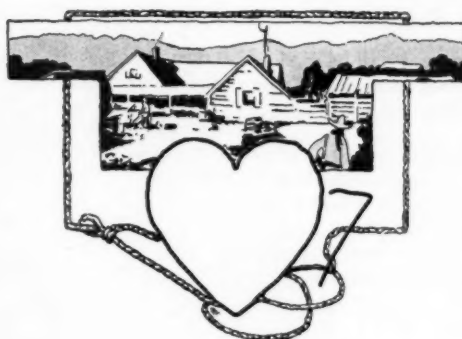
—has not improved because he won't stay off his leg when the doctor ordered him to. Patrick Lafferty, your father, is thinner. His temper is hotter and he worries about things, getting himself very upset. He is much depressed by the fact that the price of beef is much lower than when we bought that herd of white-faced heifers last fall.

"Don't I know it?" whispered Tad. For Tad was daughter enough of Patrick Lafferty that her fingers always turned first to the cattle market page in the daily newspaper.

THE DRIVER WAS MUTTERING
PROFANELY AS HE CAME AROUND
TO THE BACK OF THE STAGE

"Your sister, Eugenia, has a new grand piano," was the next sentence in

Illustrations by Frank Spradling



the letter which wanted to tell a whole lot more but dared not.

Tad groaned at this item of news. Somehow she could see the look in Octave's eyes as his pen had written that name—Eugenia. Dear old loyal Octave! He had always worshipped Eugenia with her black hair a smoky softness in the dusk, Eugenia with her eyes more violet than blue, eyes that would not smile enough. Eugenia, with her flower lips that had sulked so often this last year. Octave had always included Eugenia in his plans for the future. He had thought of Eugenia when he saved to buy a herd of

his own, when, during spare time, he hauled logs to build stanch corrals on his own "half-section of sage-brush."

Eugenia was three years older than Tad and had gone to an eastern school. She had dreams of becoming a singer and many a Heart Seven herd had been sacrificed for her musical training. Then a severe illness had been followed by a huskiness of throat, and Eugenia had returned to the ranch. There she had sulked and stormed and scolded. She seemed to put the blame for her being there on every one at the Heart Seven—her father, the indulgent Pat Lafferty, the quiet, honest Octave Carey—even the temperamental cook, Anastasia, known as Tasty.

The letter ended abruptly, but there was a postscript and the postscript was Octave himself speaking:

You remember saying once that you never trusted that old buzzard of an Alvin Schultz because he was so stingy he took out his false teeth around home to save them. Well, he's getting doggoned friendly with Pat Lafferty. I figure he's getting him in a tight place so he'll have to sell him that bit of land with the old Lost Hope mine on it. Says his second wife wants to make a fireplace with some of that shiny rock on it. As though he gives a cussed chirp what his wife wants. Nosir, that crawling reptile has got something up his sleeve besides his crazy bone.

This was the letter which Tad's roommate had handed her early this morning. "Well, Hopeless," Tad had addressed her squirming little dog—Tad seldom called him the same name twice—"Looks like we're needed more on the Heart Seven than we are in a Shakespeare class."

So she had hastily shaken out her purse and found that by borrowing thirty-seven cents from the school janitor, she had just enough to buy a railroad ticket to Slow Water.

Tad stared out the window and a veritable hunger came over her—hunger to feel the sage-scented breeze, hunger to hear the clank of a bridle, and feel a horse jogging under her. But what was the Heart Seven to do to tide them over this period when cattle were too low to market? She



thought of Alvin Schultz whose scheming had made him one of the richest men about Slow Water. Tad remembered the homesteaders he had ejected from their land when he

got them into his power, and her hands clenched tight as though they would enjoy shaking one thin-necked individual till his false teeth clattered.

A hand was laid upon Tad's arm. Across from her were two spinster ladies, Miss Ruth and Miss Patience. Miss Ruth, who was the spokesman for the two, had confided to Tad that they were school teachers who had taught all their lives. But just this winter they had been left a legacy and, after months of discussion, they had decided to come out and get a "taste of the real West."

"Did I understand you to say that no one will be at Slow Water to meet you?" inquired the prim Miss Ruth. "But didn't I understand you to say your Heart Six—"

"Heart Seven," Tad corrected.

"—your Heart Seven is fourteen miles from town? How will you get out? They surely don't have automobiles here!"

"Oh, I'll grab the stage. Uncle Bat drives it and I can always hook a ride. He'll take me wherever I want to go."

"Uncle Bat! I don't suppose that's his name, is it?"

Tad laughed gaily. "No, and I have to think to remember his real name. He isn't my uncle. My dad, Pat Lafferty, and two Hollister brothers, Ben and Battle, came out West together." Tad smiled reminiscently. "For years and years Bat's paid court to our cook. You know out here on the plains we don't bother much with Mr. and Mrs. or Miss—handles, as Octave calls them—but we give names to sort of suit. Our cook's name is Anastasia and we call her Tasty. Tasty is rather romantic and a bit highfalutin' and the last I heard, she and old Battle had had a falling-out because Battle smokes such a smelly old pipe and brings her peanut brittle instead of chocolates in a box."

"It's so—so interesting," said little Miss Patience, the smaller and the shyer and less prim of the two. "Why do they call you by such an—well, such an odd name—Tag, didn't you say?"

"Tad. When I was a little youngster I was always climbing around in the corrals or some place where I oughtn't to be and Pat Lafferty, I mean Dad, used to say, 'Bless my chilblains, where's that little tad now?'"

Miss Ruth said, "We are considering going to a dude ranch. My sister and I read that book by Dennis Dean about the

prairies and ranches, and it all sounded so interesting."

"We even met the young Mr. Dean one night," beamed Miss Patience.

"And that's when we decided we'd rather come West than anything. We've had some correspondence with a dude ranch. See, here is the card."

Tad glanced at it. "The Rambling S ranch. Where paying guests may partake of the old West." The card bore the name of the manager in one corner, the name of the social manager in the other.

"Oh," said Tad, staring at it, and then again, "Oh-h." For right there The Wonderful Idea was born. It staggered uncertainly for just a few seconds and then stood out bold, fully-formed, clear-cut.

"You know we don't advertise our Heart Seven ranch yet," she said, "but we are going to take dudes and 'dudines' too."

"You mean you'll take paying guests, and can they ride, and talk to cowboys and live in bunkhouses?"

"Indeed, yes," said Tad. "Pat Lafferty is the manager. Eugenia Lafferty is the social manager and Octavius Carey is the head guide and stable boss." The English teacher at Goodell Hall was wrong when she failed Tad Lafferty in her subject and accused her of having no imagination. Perhaps Tad's mind could not soar



HE LOOKED UP AND SMILED RUEFULLY, "SAY, BUDDY, HOW DO YOU GET A FIRE TO BURN?"

to the heights with Walter Pater, but now she saw the dear old Heart Seven like an unfolding picture in its new rôle of dude ranch.

Wasn't Tasty always wanting people to appreciate her cooking? And wouldn't Eugenia's discontent lose itself in playing the new grand piano to appreciative listeners? They would fix up the bunkhouses under the cottonwoods which had once been used by visiting cowboys when the Heart Seven had been the biggest spread in the state.

"We'd much prefer going some place where we knew someone," said little Miss Patience.

Tad's heart was hammering joyfully under

her silk sports sweater, and the little dog, feeling her excitement, let out a joyous bark, and Tad promptly pushed him back. Tad said, "You could get off at Slow Water and stay at the hotel and tomorrow I'll send

Octave in with the buckboard to bring you out. I'll ride the stage out to Half-way where they change horses, and the Heart Seven pasture is right near there. I can usually get me a horse and ride across the prairie to the ranch."

As a result when the train stopped at Slow Water, three passengers alighted in the sleepy little western town. Tad accompanied the sisters to the hotel where they secured a room. Miss Ruth, the dominant and assertive, insisted on having a room with a lock on it and the surprised manager said he'd put a bolt on it that would be sure to keep out a whole cattle stampede.

"Octave will be in after you tomorrow," Tad said in leave-taking. She turned her footsteps toward a scaly, white building with a sign swaying in the wind, "General Mercantile. Elmwood Jones."

The General Mercantile was also a general accommodation to all the people thereabouts. The dried-up Elmwood Jones—Elm Jones—gave messages such as "Old Battle says he saw your wife's sister, Martha, up there at Topaz and she'll be down next Wednesday." Or "Sam Hucks said he'd take a half a beef the next time you butchered."

Elm Jones looked up from the cheese he was cutting. "Well, if it ain't Tad!" he greeted her, and motioned her to help herself at the open barrel of ginger snaps.

"My old clothes still out in the store room, Elm?"

"Yes, they are, Tad—some place. We been kinda cleaning up out there and shifting things around to make room for seed alfalfa."

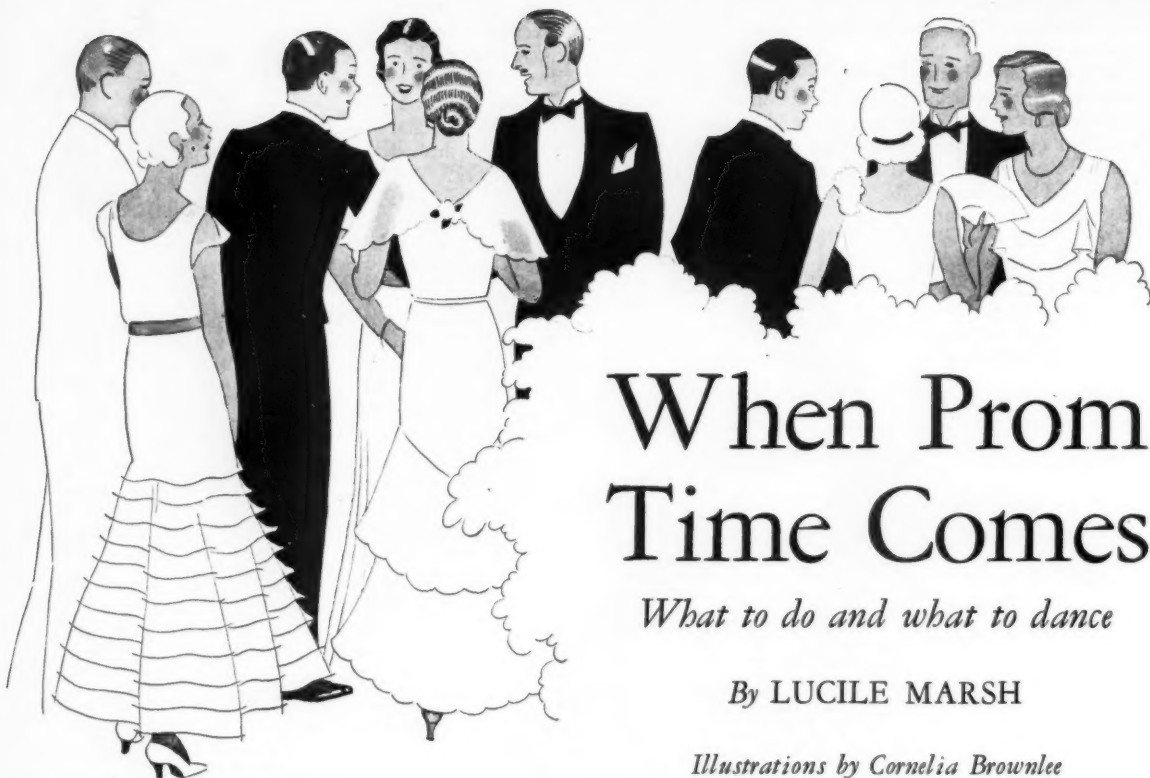
Tad hurriedly disappeared. She must make haste and change and catch the rattly stage out. In the musty storeroom that smelled of smoked meat and kerosene and prunes, Tad hunted the clothes she had left here when she had ridden in to Slow Water the last time she took the train.

Here were her flannel shirt and corduroy knickers hanging up behind the pile of rock salt. Now where were her heavy boots and her soft Stetson? One boot she found wedged under some spools of barbed wire, another next to a black bucket of axle grease. The Stetson she finally found, though the shape of it was rather spoiled by a dusty sack of beans sitting on the crown.

"Well, Snippet," she addressed the dog, barking at a cat perched on a high rafter, "we look a little as though we'd been kicked off a freight, but come on."

She cut across the alley, through the yard of the livery barn and out on the street from which the light wagon stage arrived and departed. The driver was fastening a crate of hens on the boot which projected from behind. Tad's eyes lighted up mischievously. (Continued on page 36)





THE GIRL PRECEDES THE BOY DOWN THE RECEIVING LINE

When Prom Time Comes

What to do and what to dance

By LUCILE MARSH

Illustrations by Cornelia Brownlee

PARTLY because June is the loveliest month in all the year, the June prom is the most thrilling of all dances. Then, too, it is associated with commencement which adds to the occasion a sort of ceremonial glamor that makes it quite the dance of dances. No wonder we all look forward the whole year to the June prom.

First comes the invitation, which, by the way, is getting less and less formal. Of course, we still do have the engraved invitations expressed in the third person. But it is quite usual nowadays to be invited to a very important party by an informal note, a casual call, or even by telephone. The rule is to respond to the invitation in the same manner that the invitation is extended. If it is formal, pen an equally formal reply. If it is given over the telephone—"How about going to the dance two weeks from tonight?"—just say, "How nice! I'd love to." Of course, a boy really should invite a girl at least two weeks in advance. And a girl, if she is inviting a boy, should do the same.

It is quite the thing now to go to a party in foursomes or even larger groups and it is so much more fun! A girl's brother can easily arrange to have a small number meet at his house first and go to the dance from there. Or the girl herself, if she is inviting a boy to her school dance, may ask some of her friends to have dinner before the party.

If you are going to a prom, or any other large dance, it is a good idea to check up on new steps and practice a bit between public appearances. Fashions in dancing change from season to season, just like fashions in clothes.

These days, there are four principal rhythms in the music with which we must be familiar: the slow foxtrot, the fast foxtrot, the waltz, and the tango. And of these the slow foxtrot is by far the most popular.

The fashionable dancing position calls for the gentleman's arm around the lady's waist, his wrist about in the middle of her back at the waist. His upper arm and elbow should be held so high that the girl's left arm rests on his,

from shoulder to elbow. Her left arm continues up along his shoulder but must never go more than half way across his back, and there must be no weight in that arm to bear down on the boy's shoulder. The boy holds the girl's right hand in his left, but very lightly so as not to make her hand uncomfortably warm in hot weather. These hands are allowed quite a bit of freedom in position—on the boy's hip, straight down, slightly bent at the elbow, or shoulder level and doubled in toward the shoulder. The main thing is to keep them from interfering with the other dancers.

The girl always starts every dance and usually each new combination with the right foot.

For review you might practice the following steps:

FUNDAMENTAL STEPS

Promenade or walking step. This may be a long, smooth, gliding movement, a short, quiet movement, a short lilting movement (the toddle) or a long, swaying movement (the tango). It is done both forward and backward.

Slide and close. Slide either forward, back or to the side and draw the other foot close to the first.

Balance. Shift weight from one foot to the other.

Pivot. When done in place, take two, four, six or eight turning steps. To progress, half turn on each step moving around the room.

Two step. Slide, close, step. Two or four counts in foxtrot. Danced to side, left, right or turning.

Waltz. Step, slide, close, and change to other foot. Three counts in waltz rhythm.

Canter. The girl glides back on right foot, brings left back to right, rises on toes and repeats, with the same foot. Done to $\frac{3}{4}$ time, with a wait at the end to take care of the third count.

Chassee. Weight carried forward, slide backward drawing the foot in front toward the one in back. A "chasing" step; the heels never come together.

Cortez. The finishing step for each combination in the tango. Also used in other dances. The girl steps back on left foot,

swings right in an outward circle backward while she slips a few inches backward on her left, carries right foot in an inward circle forward and settles her weight on right foot.

FOXTROT RHYTHM

These are variations and combinations of fundamental steps used in foxtrot rhythm. There is no sequence to the combinations. The boy chooses the step and the girl follows his lead:

- 4 walking steps, two-step right and left.
- 4 walking steps, two-step turning.
- 4 walking steps, balance back and forward and slide close. Or balance back and forward and two slides close.
- 4 walking steps, and repeat balance and slide combination turning.
- 2 walking steps and slow slide close—4 counts. Repeat.
- 3 walking steps and quick slide close—2 counts. Repeat.
- 4 walking steps, balance back, forward, back and quick slide close. Balance forward, back, forward and quick slide close.
- 4 or 8 walking steps, pivot 4 or 8 steps with a slight bend on the last.
- 4 walking steps, and corte. Repeat.
- 4 walking steps, corte. turning.
- 2 slow steps and 3 quick steps. Do backward, forward or turning.
- In open position. Step back on right, dip back on left. Pivot, making one complete turn in 2 steps.
- 4 quick running steps and same pivot as above.
- 2 steps backward and a quick slide like a chassee backward. Repeat several times. This may also be done turning.
- 4 walking steps, slow slide close making a quarter turn, pivot making complete turn in 2 steps. Repeat slides and pivots several times.
- 4 walking steps, step backward and point and waltz step forward—4 counts.
- 4 walking steps, step backward and point and waltz step several times turning.
- 4 walking steps, step back and point back, step forward and point forward.
- 4 walking steps, step back and point back, making a left turn.
- 4 short steps backward, waltz step done back and forward several

HERE IS THE CORRECT DANCING POSITION



times in a very small space keeping knees stiff.

Long dipping step backward on right, swing left backward and point. Repeat several times.

Grapevine (step, slide right, step left across in front, right to side again, left across in back).

WALTZ RHYTHMS

Variations and combinations of fundamental steps in waltz time are:

- 1 waltz step backward, 2 waltz steps making complete right turn.
- 2 waltz steps backward. Repeat turn. Combine the above so as to make alternate left and right (reverse) turn.

Step and point and waltz, forward, back and turning. Combine with other steps.

Balance back, forward, forward, back and turn. Waltz.

- 2 slow steps (3 counts each).
- 3 quick steps (1 count each). Repeat forward, back and turning. Pivot.



PROM DANCE CARDS ARE FILLED BEFOREHAND

- Waltz and corte. back, forward and turning. This combination of steps may be repeated.
- Dip forward on right, 2 waltz steps backward or turning starting with the left foot.
- Step backward right and hold three counts. Repeat.
- Dip forward on right foot 3 counts, draw left foot front to right 3 counts.
- 2 waltz steps backward or turning starting right foot. Repeat.
- 2 waltz steps (1 backward, 1 half turn). 2 dips and slide steps forward allowing 3 counts to each. Repeat.
- Canter. (See description under fundamental steps.) The canter may be done turning to resemble pivot.
- The two following combinations are done in open position—girl and boy turn from regular position and face the girl's right hand.
- 3 quick steps, dip on left foot for 3 counts. Repeat. Combine with waltz turn.
- 1 step backward and dip, canter pivot. This is all done in 6 counts. Repeat several times.
- The following combination is finished in the butterfly position—left shoulder of boy next to left shoulder of girl.
- 1 step and hold on right foot 3 counts.
- Scissors step. Step left across right, point right to side. Step right across left, point left to side (3 counts) and the position changes so right shoulder is next to partner's right shoulder. Repeat several times.

The tango is becoming popular once more. Here is a simple Argentine Tango for the ballroom, employing fundamental steps. The music is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. These steps are done in regular sequence in Europe, but in America, the girl follows her partner and suits her steps to the ones he chooses.

Regular dance position. Emphasize first count of each unit.

- 3 walking steps—long, reaching, gliding movements. Chassee to right.
- 3 walking steps—chassee to left.
- 4 walking steps. Corte.

It helps to have an obliging brother to practice with us. If that is impossible, an enthusiastic girl is a great help. Remember to take turns leading so both will have practice in following.

Now at last the day of the dance arrives and it is time to don our evening things. As we have said, no matter how beautiful your dress and slippers may be, you are not really well-dressed unless you are well-groomed, unless your nails and hair and the hundred little things that are so important are taken care of. A delicate, illusive perfume is in good taste but may only be added as the finishing touch to thorough fundamental grooming.

Obviously made-up faces never were in good taste but now they are not even in fashion. Naturalness has returned to vogue. Delicately arched, natural eyebrows, clear pink and white skins, and normally coral lips are what fashion decrees.

Another thing to remember is that the way a dress is worn is as important as the dress itself. Here good posture becomes a great beauty asset to a girl. If she can hold herself easily erect, with her back straight, her chest lifted, her shoulders relaxed and her head (Continued on page 44)



"I BEEN SEEKIN' YOU OVER THE WHOLE PLANTATION! YOU' COUSIN GEORGE DONE COME AHEAD O' TIME"

A Present from Paris

MISS Angelica Cary, thirteen and going on fourteen, as she was careful to explain, was very, very happy. There were three reasons for this: first, she was out at her grandmother's plantation, Greenacres, for vacation, and Greenacres was the very finest place in the world, containing, as it did, a library full of books where one might browse at will; an attic filled with hair trunks and Saratoga trunks, cedar chests and packing-boxes, all crammed with beautiful old-fashioned costumes, with thrilling old letters and diaries, with silk quilts and hand-woven coverlids—a treasure house for a person with imagination.

The second reason was that, having arrived at an age where trundle-beds were no longer necessary, she had been given the room that had been her own mother's, when she was a young lady. It was a room whose walls were papered with the most enticing scenery—shepherdesses driving flocks of snowy lambs; green trees and pink flowers, swans and blue skies and white clouds. A person could lie in bed and make up stories about it, for besides the shepherdesses, there were shepherds, too. The bed itself was worth a story—a delicate four-poster, with carved rose-wood posts and head-board, and a blue silk canopy. One might be a princess when lying in such a bed.

The third reason was the best of all. Cousin George Fairfax who was an attaché to our Minister in France, was coming home on a visit, and he had written saying that he was bringing Angelica a present from Paris!

"George always was extravagant," reflected Angelica's grandmother, when she had read his letter. "I don't doubt it will be something a child will have no use for. But you can save it, and—er—use it, when you get to be a young lady."

"A piece of jewelry, maybe, Grandmother?" Angelica had ventured. "They say the French are very expert jewelers. A French book Mamzelle had me read in school said so."

"I shouldn't wonder," Grandmother affirmed. "George is extravagant, and no doubt thinks you are older than your age. He's been away a good while. If it is a little necklace or a ring, you may wear it."

"Or a watch? Could I wear a little, bittsy watch on a chain, tucked in my belt, like Miss Greene wears at school?"

"It won't be a watch," Grandmother stated decisively. "Even George wouldn't go that far. It may not be jewelry at all, Angelica."

Coming from Paris, it would certainly be something very wonderful, whether it were jewelry or a fan. She had seen a fan Mamzelle, her French teacher, owned. It was painted by an artist who had made, it seemed, a specialty of fans. White satin, with the daintiest little figures of ladies and gentlemen on it. A fan would be nice, that was certain. So Angelica continued to dream happily of the present from Paris.

Meantime, they were getting ready for company. In the Big House a small army of servants was scrubbing and polishing and airing, while outside another small army, under

the direction of the head gardener, was trimming and pruning, sweeping and raking, till yard and grove were as immaculate as the paper on the walls of Angelica's room.

"George and his French wife will be accustomed to everything in order," said Grandmother. "The French people are wonderful housekeepers, I've heard. Or is it cooks? Anyway, I want her to see that we are not exactly barbarians in Virginia."

"And she wrote she was bringing a French *bonne*, which means maid, for her baby. I wonder if little Emily can speak English, Grandmother?"

"If she doesn't she ought to at three years of age," said Grandmother promptly. "I am glad George named her after his own mother, so at least the child has a good English name."

Angelica found herself of little use in the turmoil at the Big House. She found solace in visiting the Quarters, and carrying on long and animated conversations with all of her black friends, concerning the expected visitors and the present from Paris they were bringing to her.

The weaver, Aunt Sheba, tall and grim and ebony-hued, was not at all like the smiling Daphne back in Richmond, who wove expressly for "the Big House" and who had plenty of time to listen to story books Angelica read. Aunt Sheba had many women, who wove cloth for all the plantation, under her supervision. Cotton in summer and wool in winter were carded into long, soft bats, spun into yarn and dyed and woven into stout cloth for the many people in the Quarters.

But Aunt Sheba's face softened, and her smile was wide when Angelica visited her. She took time, too, to entertain "Little Missy" and listened enthusiastically to the news of the expected visit.

"Cousin George Fairfax is coming, with his French wife and his American-French baby, to make us a visit. He is coming from a big city in France called Paris, and he wrote Grandmother that he was bringing me a present. What do you reckon it will be, Aunt Sheba?"

Aunt Sheba meditated, casting her eyes on the busy looms. "It might happen he fetchin' you a silk frock," she reflected, "one piece o' silk all covered wid little flowers, wove wid silver'n gold threads. Ole Miss had one, when she was a young lady. Stiff it was, and could stand alone on de flo' by itself!"

Angelica hoped not! A silk dress could be bought anywhere. Mr. Baird and Brother, merchants in Richmond, imported silks and laces and brocades stiff enough to stand alone. She wanted something that folks would know, as soon as they saw it, came from some wonderful city, like Paris!

Mammy Jinny, who took care of the babies and small children while their mothers were at work, sat in her vine-covered cabin, with its wide yard, its big, cool trees and its vivid flower beds, and smoked her pipe while she dandled a small brown baby on her knees, and directed two tall girls who were her assistants, as they gave her charges their daily bath.

She was a fat old woman, whose double chins shook when she laughed, which was often, and who waddled like one of the big white ducks when she walked.

"If'n here ain't Little Missy!" beamed the old nurse. "Now chillun, dus' a cheer, and let her set down. And don't you all let dem messy chillun crowd round and spile her frock, gals."

But the children crowded, as they always did, and Angelica gave them bits of tea-cake from her pockets, and played with them abstractedly, her thoughts being of Paris!

"Hit might be a spinet," Mammy Jinny, when told of the expected gift, suggested. "I 'member your Aunt Nancy had one fotch her from over de water, someheres—it might 'a' been Paris. 'Twas a little pi-anner, like."

"I wouldn't like a spinet, Mammy Jinny," said Angelica. "I hate to practice; besides, there are pianos everywhere."

"I'd heap ruther, if I had my ruthers, have a 'cordan, or even a mouth-organ," acknowledged Mammy Jinny, with sympathy. "I ain't much use for pi-anners."

"I believe," meditated Angelica, "I'll go see if Aunt Injun-Jo is home; maybe she'll give me a string of little bittsy darning-egg gourds for Cousin George's little girl to play with."

"She mought be home, den ag'in she moughtn't," nodded Mammy Jinny, mysteriously. "I hear her say she felt like pleasurin' and she was gwine to her pleasure-place to have it."

Angelica chuckled. She knew all about Aunt Injun-Jo's pleasure-place; she had been taken there more than once by the old woman, but under vows of secrecy. Aunt Injun-Jo didn't want common folks, she said, to know about her pleasure-place.

In the summer, when the nights were warm, and there were plenty of fish in the creeks, and game for trapping in the woods, Aunt Injun-Jo would feel, she said, her wild

blood stirring; she craved the woods, as did her ancestors the Creeks, and she "went apleasurin'" without leave or license.

This was her right, and the plantation knew and respected it. Angelica's grandmother, who was a wise woman, with an understanding heart, had bidden her overseers pay no attention to the old half-Indian woman's absences. She always returned with gifts from the woods—a wild turkey she had trapped for her mistress; a mess of fresh fish from the creek for the overseer's wife, or roots of rare ferns and wild flowers, squirrels or terrapins for the children—always some trophies of the woods, which they received with thanks.

Her pleasuring ended, Aunt Injun-Jo would go back to work with zeal, "toting her row" with the best of the field hands. She was paying for her pleasuring as best she could.

"Well, I'll just go and see," said Angelica. "May-



AUNT INJUN-JO, BEARING THE CHILD IN HER ARMS, STRODE THROUGH THE VINES

be the apples on her June tree are ripe and I'll get some to take home. Aunt Injun-Jo won't mind a bit, I know."

But when she reached the cabin, on the edge of the forest that fringed the fields, and hidden by the boughs of peach and apple trees, she found, indeed, that the June apples were ripe but the cabin was empty when she pushed open the door. Quilts were gone from the bed, pots and spiders from the hearth. The salt-gourd was empty, the lard-gourd was gone, and the meal-sack with it. Aunt Injun-Jo had not many dishes, but a tin cup, a long-handled spoon, a tin pan and a bread tray of poplar wood were missing from their usual places. The mistress of the cabin was indeed aplesuring in the woods!

There was a string of tiny gourds bleaching in the sun, hanging on a nail in the cabin wall, and the fence that surrounded the yard was covered with gourd vines bearing all sorts and manner of gourds, from the big calabash kind, valuable for holding soft soap, lard and salt, to the tiny egg-gourds that were the children's delight, and the long-handled, pear shaped dipper-gourds that hung over every cabin water pail.

Beds of bright prince's feathers, cockscombs and four o'clocks filled the yard, and a shining, jet black game hen sprang from a full nest of small white eggs in a clump of prince's feathers. Aunt Injun-Jo's fowls were of a breed as wild as herself, and she would have no flowers in which they were not welcome to nest.

"She'll set, and hatch a nestful of game biddies," said Angelica, admiringly. "Aunt Injun-Jo's chickens always look shiny and clean, as if they'd just had a bath."

She plucked a handful of the heavy-headed flowers, shook a ripe apple or two from the June tree, and turned slowly away, thinking, rather wistfully, that Aunt Injun-Jo might now be catching a fish in the creek! Angelica wished she might spend a day with her in her pleasure-place.

She went home by the back way, and Mammy met her at the back gate, with her turban-ends flying and her gold-hoop earrings waving wildly, and so excited she could hardly talk.

"I been seekin' you all over the whole plantation!" she cried. "You' Cousin George and his folks done come ahead o' time! Thanks de mussy you got on you' sprigged muslin and you' worked pantalets, and you' hair ain't come out o' curl. But you' hands is filthy dirty, wid all dat trash you's totin'. Run right in and wash 'em, and den go and s'lute you' kinfolks."

Angelica, giving over her flowers into Mammy's disdainful hands, was conscious of a thought of which she was ashamed. "I wonder if their baggage has come!" She was thinking of that present from Paris and it was

not the least polite. She couldn't seem to help it, though.

Angelica could hear Cousin George's big voice shouting with laughter at something. He always, Angelica recalled, found funny things to laugh at.

"Well, well, here's a lady-child 'most grown up!" he called out, as Angelica entered, and promptly picked her up in his strong arms and tickled her ears with his curly sideburns. "Here's the French cousin I've brought you, your Cousin Eloise; and here's little Emily. Come, infant, and kiss your Cousin Angelica."

Angelica, who was quick of observation, saw in a flash that the French cousin was sweet and friendly-looking; that the *bonne*, standing by in her smart uniform and her queer cap with black ribbons, looked like a quaint picture, and that little Emily looked like an angel!

She trotted right up, speaking the words her father bade her like a cute little parrot. She had eyes like brown velvet, and curls that were shining gold. Her dress was made of a fabric delicate as cobwebs, and there was a thin gold locket and chain round her neck, and blue slippers were on her feet. Angelica decided that she looked more like Titania, queen of the fairies, than an angel, after all!

"Ever see a prettier lady than your Cousin Eloise?" queried Cousin George, as Angelica greeted the new cousin with shy courtesy.

"She *is* pretty," said Angelica, impulsively, "but the little girl is the loveliest baby in the world!"

At this the French lady, who spoke English with the sweetest accent, laughed and kissed Angelica again. "You must not spoil my babee, *mignonne*," she laughed. Angelica thrilled to think that she knew *mignonne* meant darling!

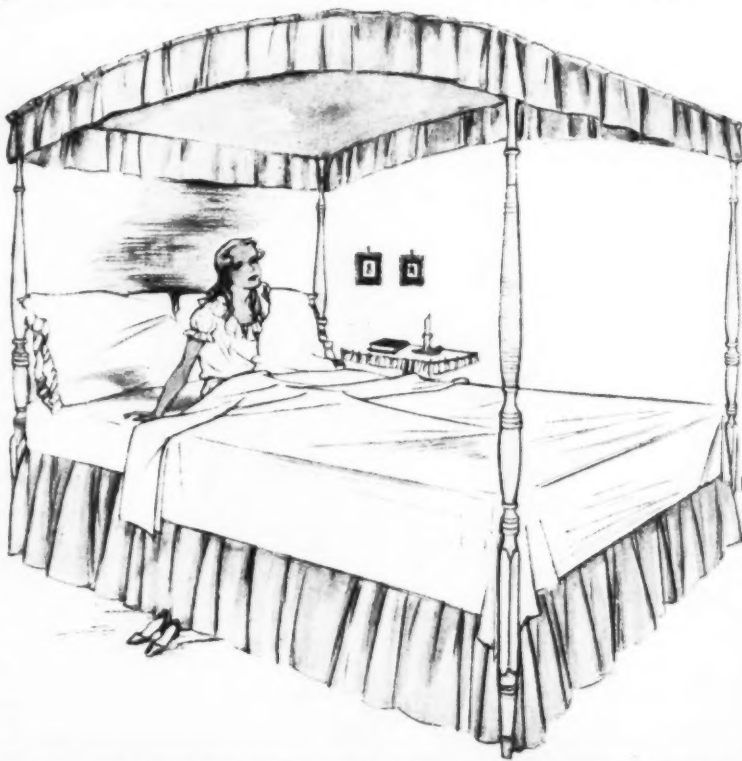
"No, you mustn't spoil her, though I will say she's not easy to spoil," beamed her father, proudly. "Wild as a baby partridge or a little guinea, Aunt. Runs away like a flash when Jeanne takes her eyes off her for a minute."

"Like part-idge," chuckled little Emily, happily. She seemed to think it great fun to run away. "I wuns away—*moi*!"

"Well, she can't run away here. There are plenty of servants to watch her," said Grandmother, comfortably, "so don't worry. When will your baggage come, George?"

"Heaven alone knows," said Cousin George, resignedly; they had brought only necessities along with them. The baggage was somewhere on the way, and when it reached Richmond they would be notified. They had landed at New York, instead of Norfolk, because the passage was easier.

When they mentioned trunks, Cousin Eloise had looked at Angelica rather strangely. She murmured something in rapid French to (Continued on page 32)



THE BED HAD A BLUE SILK CANOPY. ONE MIGHT BE A PRINCESS, LYING IN SUCH A BED

Grooming on Time

By HAZEL
RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor,
Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustrations by
Katherine
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THE dressing-table of the good-looking girl is bounded on one side by a calendar and on the other by a clock. She's discovered the secret of good grooming, which is nothing more exciting than a time budget.

Slicking yourself up for a party is an amusing lark, of course, but it doesn't get you any farther than the party. Owning a pair of nice blue eyes is luck, but it doesn't save your face. Orderly improvements and regular upkeep is what you need if you are to look well all the time, and this demands an intelligently planned, carefully kept-up good looks schedule.

The schedule is not difficult to master. The secret and mysterious rites of beauty are secret and mysterious only to people who do nothing but wonder about them. If you investigate you find that what they really amount to are ways and means of manicuring, shampooing, hair brushing and face cleansing, planned to suit your own needs and faithfully followed.

There are certain things which must be done night and morning, others once a day and still others which may be put on a weekly or even a longer schedule. Some of these are fixed appointments for good reasons. We brush our teeth, for example, *after* meals, cleanse our faces thoroughly at *night* to remove the day's dirt, and take a cold shower in the *morning* to pep us up for the day.

Others of the good looks chores may be done at our own special convenience, provided definite times are set and followed. It doesn't make much difference at what time of day you brush your hair provided you do so every twenty-four hours. Nor is it important whether you give yourself a manicure on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday, so long as your fingers do get an overhauling once a week.

I say it's not important and what I mean is that it's not important to your hair or your hands. It may, however, be terribly important to your own comfort and convenience in the planning of your day's schedule. Probably no two girls live exactly the same kind of lives, have exactly the same duties or can lay out their days in exactly the same way.

Having admitted that the schedule may be flexible, however, we must rule that there are always certain essentials



HER DRESSING-TABLE IS BOUNDED
ON ONE SIDE BY A CALENDAR
AND ON THE OTHER BY A CLOCK

to be included in every good looks plan.

No girl can be really good-looking who is not positively healthy, and health implies enough sleep, enough exercise, enough good food properly balanced, enough water to drink and fresh air to breathe, enough relaxation, enough play and a certain gracious mastery of temper and optimistic interest in living.

No girl can be good-looking who isn't *clean*. The daily bath is an axiom—and

clean hair, clean teeth, clean finger nails, a really clean face—not just a slicked-over one—are things which it is just as well to make habits at a very early age.

The usual cleanliness schedule includes:

A bath (night or morning as convenient).

A major face cleansing at night and a minor one in the morning.

Teeth cleansings after each meal or at least twice a day.

Washing of the hands before meals and at any other time of day when they become soiled.

Weekly manicure.

Thorough brushing of hair at least once a day. Shampoo as necessary, usually once in two or three weeks.

Always fresh handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves and underwear. Daily attention to clothes brushing, shoe cleaning, spots and rips. Weekly attention to laundry, dry cleaning and mending. So much for health and neatness.

It must be obvious to you all, however, that good looks does not stop here. The good-looking girl is neat and healthy. She is fresh and vivid but she's also something more. And this something is what makes all the difference you'll find not only between two girls but also between two gardens, two frocks, two salads, two anything you want to select, if one just suggests utility and the other adds charm.

A garden may be green and growing, yet never make you want to walk in it. A frock may be expensive, durable and spotless and do nothing for its wearer. A salad may be full of vitamins and never tempt a palate.

Girls are no different. Sometimes the things which make them charming seem to be more elusive than the qualities of the salad, the garden or the frock, but they can be analyzed. Sometimes it's the way a girl walks. (Continued on page 44)



By ELLIS
PARKER
BUTLER

Jo Ann and

JO ANN was all dressed, except for one stocking and her shoes, when she looked out of the window and saw Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence. They had riding crops in their hands so, of course, they were going to the riding school stable to hire horses for a ride.

"Wicky! Quick!" Jo Ann cried.

With that she grabbed her shoes and the other stocking and dashed from her room and down the stairs and out onto the street. She and Wicky had planned to ride, too, and the best horse in the stable was Major. No other horse, in Jo Ann's opinion, was half as good and Tommy knew it, and if Tommy reached the stable first he would certainly ask for and be given Major.

By the time Wicky reached the street Jo Ann was half a block away and running at a pace that would carry her past the two boys like a brisk wind passing a sleepy turtle, and the boys were walking with no thought of pursuit.

"Jo Ann! Wait!" Wicky called at the top of her voice, and Jo Ann heard her, but so did Tommy and Ted. They looked back and saw Jo Ann, and broke into a run. For another block Jo Ann pursued them, but they had too great a start to be overcome and after Jo Ann had shouted a taunt at them she slowed her pace to let Wicky catch up with her.

"Now they'll have Major and Kate before we can get there," Jo Ann said. "They know we want them, the unmannerly cubs! There's no use hurrying now—I might as well put on my other stocking. Although," she added, "this one is never going to be well and hearty again."

About the horses she was right. When she and Wicky reached the stable, Tommy and Ted were already mounted and riding out.

"Sorry, Miss Jo Ann," the groom said, "but it's 'first come, first served,' you know. How would Prince suit you? He's a good horse, and fast, too."

"If I can't have Major," Jo Ann said. "And they took Kate, too! What have you got for Wicky?"

"I want a nice gentle horse," said Wicky.

"Bessie is what you want then," said the groom. "Gentle as a kitten, miss, and rides like a rocking chair." And in a few minutes the two girls were riding out of the stable. They turned toward Shady Lake Park.

"We'll ride around the lake once or twice, Wicky," Jo Ann said, for this was the first time Wicky had been on a horse for almost a year. The girls were just home from Wilmot School for the summer vacation. At Camp Minnedawa, where they had always spent their summers, they had had one riding lesson a week. Jo Ann, it need hardly be said, rode like a wild west cow-girl. The riding school was so close at hand that she rode often when she was home and she still had some tickets, each good for one hour, in the book her father had given her.

"You'll be used to your horse by the time we ride around the lake a couple of times," she said to Wicky, "and then we'll ride out to the old Fair Grounds. The old race track is peachy, and that's where Ted and that Bassick boy will go. I'd just like to show that red-head some real speed. This Prince horse isn't much but if I can't ride him faster than Tommy can ride Major I'd be ashamed of myself. You'll see some real speed this morning, Wicky. We turn left here."

"GO BACK THERE—
I'M COMING ACROSS,"
JO ANN SHOUTED



The bridle path led to the lake and circled it and as the girls reached the lake they saw Tommy and Ted across the lake. Tommy saw the girls but he wanted no race with Jo Ann and he turned his horse into one of the paths that led away from the lake. Ted followed.

"That's not the way to the old Fair Grounds," Jo Ann said. "He's afraid to race. Come on! Get some speed into that horse and we can head them off. I'll dare him to race me."

She swung Prince around and Wicky followed her. Jo Ann put Prince into a gallop for she loved that wild boisterous pace. Her mount was fresh and eager and she urged him to his best speed so that he broke into a run, but Wicky cantered slowly and was soon far behind.

Jo Ann knew the paths of the park well and that she would soon come face to face with Tommy if he did not turn back. The path wound among the trees and Jo Ann knew that presently the path turned rather sharply in order to cross a bridge that carried it over the main driveway. As she neared this turn she pulled Prince down to a walk. She remembered hearing that a new bridge was to be built and that the old one had been torn down and a temporary bridge put in.

Sure enough, at the turn was a sign, "Slow! Temporary bridge! Danger!" Jo Ann proceeded slowly and carefully. Looking back she could not see Wicky but when she

the Pup!

Illustrations by

Garrett

Price

"BACK UP YOURSELF," TOMMY SAID, "I WAS HERE FIRST"



looked ahead again after rounding the turn she saw the temporary bridge and she saw Tommy and Ted coming toward her from the other side of it. Tommy was in advance and when he saw Jo Ann he hurried his horse, trying to reach the bridge first. The temporary bridge was a timber affair, strong enough but so narrow that but one horse could cross at a time. Jo Ann spoke to Prince and as he put his forefeet on the bridge at one end Major got on at the other.

"Go back there—I'm coming across," Jo Ann called.

"Back up yourself," Tommy said. "I was on the bridge first. I've got the right of way."

By the time he said this the two horses were nose to nose in the middle of the bridge. Below them, on the main drive, some twenty laborers were digging foundations for the new bridge and when they saw the two horses head to head they stopped work and laughed.

"Tommy Bassick, I was on this bridge just as soon as you were—sooner!" declared Jo Ann. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for crowding on when you saw I was coming. Anybody but a fresh kid would have waited when a lady was crossing a bridge."

"A lady? Ho! Did you hear that, Ted?" Tommy scoffed. "I don't see anything but a tomboy, do you, Ted? And what you did," he said to Jo Ann, "was hurry up to keep me from getting on the bridge. You know very well you did."

"Tommy Bassick, I did not! I have a right to cross this

bridge. You've got to back off—I'm more than half way across on this bridge."

"No, you're not," said Tommy. "I'm more than half way across if anybody is. You've got to back off."

It happened that at each side of the bridge there was an upright iron bar exactly in the middle of the supporting timbers and the noses of the two horses came together exactly opposite this bar. When Tommy saw this he urged his horse forward but Jo Ann also urged her horse forward. Each horse took one more step and now they were shoulder to shoulder and chest to chest. They did not understand what all this strange business meant but they were trained to obey and they were old stablemates. They stood with necks crossed. The head of Tommy's horse was almost in Jo Ann's lap and the head of Jo Ann's horse was in Tommy's face.

Ted's horse was close behind Tommy's, and now Wicky arrived behind Jo Ann.

"What's the matter, Jo Ann?" Wicky asked.

"Nothing," said Jo Ann. "Nothing at all is the matter. I'm riding across this bridge, that's all, and I have to wait until this boy backs his horse and lets me go on. I'm in no hurry, Wicky. I'll wait here all day if I have to."

"You'll wait a thousand years before I back off this bridge," Tommy said. "I'm going across this bridge and you might as well know it."

"Oh, Tommy—you big nuisance!" Wicky exclaimed. "Don't be such a mean thing. Ted, tell him to back up and let us by."

"What can I do?" asked Ted helplessly. "I can't take his horse by the tail and pull it off the bridge, can I?"

"And you'd better not try it," said Tommy. "If this tomboy had asked me politely, maybe I'd have backed up, but she can't order me around as if she were my boss. You heard her, Ted. 'Go back there!' she yelled as if she owned the whole bridge and me and everything else in sight. If anybody is going to back out she can do the backing; I can stay here as long as she can. Longer!"

"I can stay until they tear this bridge down," said Jo Ann.

"You'll have to, maybe, if you don't back up," said Tommy. "I'm not going to move."

Below them on the drive automobiles passed every FOR A BLOCK SHE PURSUED THEM





minute, some going in one direction and some in another. There was a sidewalk along one side of the drive but it had been torn up under the bridle path bridge and planks laid where it had been, and the few foot-passengers stopped and looked up, amused to see four horses standing two and two face to face. Some of the pedestrians grinned, but the workmen had the most

fun. They were Italians and they stopped work now and then to talk to each other about Jo Ann and Tommy. Now and then, too, one or another would shout something at Tommy or Jo Ann in Italian, and it must have been funny, for they all laughed. One of them, who seemed to be the star jester of the group, took two strips of wood and tied them together into a rough semblance of a sword and tossed it up to Jo Ann. She did not try to catch it and it fell back but they guessed that the joker was saying that if there was to be a new equestrian statue in the park Jo Ann should have a Joan of Arc sword.

Jo Ann turned her back on the laborers and looked the other way but when half an hour had passed she turned her head again. It was more interesting to watch them dig.

"Jo Ann, how long are you going to stay here, I'd like to know?" Wicky asked at the end of an hour. "I don't think this is fun."

"You can go home if you want to," Jo Ann said, "but I'm going to wait until I can ride across this bridge."

"Well, I'm going home," Wicky said. "I don't think this is any sport at all—it's just stubborn and stupid. Ted, let's go home."

"I'm willing," Ted answered. "I'll meet you down by the lake. I'm not helping you any, Tommy. You don't mind if I go?"

"Go ahead if you want to," Tommy told him; "I'm going to stay here."

Ted backed his mount off the bridge and Wicky backed, too, and Tommy and Jo Ann were left alone. The laborers cheered ironically when Ted and Wicky left. Then two of them evidently made a bet, for they gave money to the man who was their boss and presently they were all betting on whether Tommy or Jo Ann would be the first to quit and to back up.

"Lady, please, you keepa da bridge," one of the men begged grinningly. "If you no keepa da bridge I loosa da fi' cent."

"Mister, no giva up," another urged Tommy. "Keepa da bridge—I getta da corn, da hay, da oat for horse."

"Just the same, I'm not going to move," Jo Ann told Tommy. "And I guess you know that when I say a thing I mean it. I'll stay as long as you will."

"I haven't anything to do till October," Tommy answered.

There had been tree-sitters and flagpole-sitters but no one yet had tried horse-sitting. There had been long distance horse riding contests, and millions of horse races, but never before an attempt to sit long and constantly on an immovable horse. As Jo Ann heard the noon whistles blow she set her mouth firmly. She knew now that she was hungry, and she had a faint hope that Wicky would come cantering back with a nice hot-dog between halves of a roll or at least an ice cream cone. The laborers knocked off work and sat down to enjoy their lunches. One of Jo Ann's

backers threw her an end of bread but she did not try to catch it. Tommy was less particular and when one of his supporters threw him a doughnut he caught it and ate it.

"Atta boy!" the Italian said. "No starva—no fall offa da horse."

When the one o'clock whistle blew the men went back to work. Refreshed, they paid less attention to Tommy and Jo Ann, only looking up at them now and then, but about half past one they seemed to finish their work. They gathered up their picks and shovels and gave Tommy and Jo Ann a final yell or two and disappeared from sight. Jo Ann was watching them go and wondering how they would know who were the winners of the bets when she saw a new figure coming toward the bridge on the walk below. He was a poorly dressed man and he shambled along rather loosely-jointed with a covered basket on his arm. He spoke to the Italians as they went by, raising the lid of the basket. Jo Ann hoped he had doughnuts or hot-dogs or something good to eat in the basket but the laborers bought nothing. As he reached the bridge Jo Ann leaned over and looked down.

"Say! You!" she called down to the man. "What are you selling?"

The man, who had been shuffling along with his head down, stopped and looked up.

"Say, I know you folks!" he exclaimed. "You're that Bassick boy and the girl that lives next door. I got something here you want, I bet you. Look at that, will you? Ain't he a beauty?"

He raised the lid of the basket and took from it a small and fuzzy puppy.

"Oh, the little darling!" Jo Ann cried.

"Full blood, sound and healthy," said the man. "Last one I've got of the litter, and I always hold the best till last. If you want to buy a dog, this is the dog you want to buy. And only one dollar."

"I'll take him," said Jo Ann and Tommy in the same breath and the same words.

"Sold!" said the man. "Now, which of you gets him?"

"I do," said Tommy and Jo Ann together.

"You take him to my house and tell my mother and she'll give you a dollar," said Jo Ann. "She said I could have a dog and she'll know I sent you."

"You take him to my house," said Tommy. "I haven't any money here but my mother will give you a dollar."

"Well, it's a sale, anyway," said the man, putting the puppy back into his basket, "and you won't never regret it. In about six months you'll be surprised. You'll have a dog as is a dog—real dog and a lot of it. And much obliged to you."

"Hey! Look here! That's my dog," Tommy called after the man. "You take it to my house, you understand?"

"It's my dog," Jo Ann called. "I bought it. Take it to my house," but the man was already turning into one of the side paths. He waved his hand gaily and disappeared. "That's my puppy," said Jo Ann (Continued on page 30)



"JO ANN, STOP IT! TOMMY, QUIT!" WICKY SAID

Fish Net for Sports

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

WE CAN'T all buy our clothes in Paris, but with a little money to spend and a little time for fancy work, we can still achieve for ourselves one of these smart fish-net bodices to wear with a tweed suit or an extra flannel skirt. It is just cool enough for summer and just warm enough for autumn and is altogether exactly what you've been wanting all the time without even knowing it.

In the exclusive French shops in New York this model, originated by one of the most famous designers in Paris, costs fifteen dollars, but you can make one yourself for two dollars and forty-five cents. The stitch is so easy that anybody can do it, a simple filet mesh done in chain stitch. It is lovely for pick-up work on a long summer afternoon on the porch, with a glass of lemonade close at hand. Or if you just must have it in a hurry for that week-end at the seashore you can dash it off in five or six hours.

There are enchanting color combinations to match any sort of a suit or skirt. The one shown is of beige wool with borders of lovely autumny tints, peach, flame and russet. It would be lovely with a beige or russet suit or with a skirt in either of the brighter colors. Another lovely model is in white with a border of three shades of blue. And how about a yellow one with borders of robin's-egg blue and jade?

You will want four balls of the body color (possibly five if you are plump) and a ball each of the three border colors. Shetland floss costs about thirty-five cents a ball. And now for the directions!

The diagram on squared paper shown at the bottom of this page tells you more simply than written directions just how to shape your sweater and how many squares to put in each row. This diagram should make a sweater in size thirty-six or large enough to fit an eighteen-year-old girl. To make size thirty-four, reduce the number of squares

at the center back and front by three. For a larger size, increase one square at each of the lines that go to make up the shoulders and one square at the center, back and front. After you have made the first three or four rows of crocheting, measure it or hold it about your hips to see if the size is going to be right. You may have to experiment a little in order not to crochet too tightly or too loosely. In the original sweater each five squares measures about two inches without stretching. The sweater is made of Shetland floss with a Number Six bone crochet hook

Illustrations by

Harriet

Moncure

SCHIAPARELLI, THE FAMOUS PARIS DESIGNER, STARTED THE VOGUE FOR THESE SWEATERS



entirely in chain and double crochet stitches; a double crochet stitch for each upright with two chains between. These make the squares to correspond to the squares in the diagram.

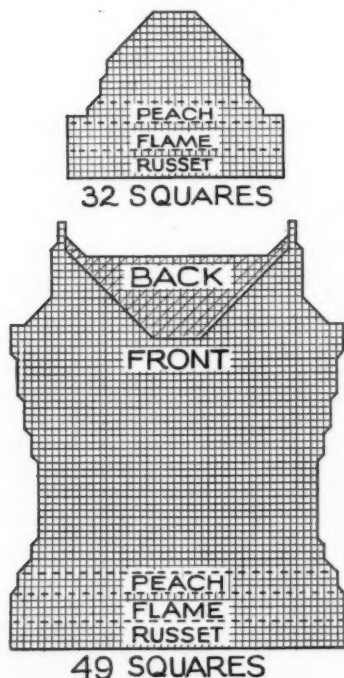
To begin with the bottom row in front, make three chains for every square and at the end five extra for the turning. Put the first double crochet into the eighth stitch from the needle, make two chain and put the next double crochet into the third chain from the first double crochet, and continue making the upright into every third chain. At the end of the rows make five chains to turn. When reducing one stitch on the row, make only three chains. Do the back the same way, noticing that the neck is a different shape.

In the borders the russet and flame colors have four rows each and the peach color three. The sweater is slightly shaped at the waistline, neck and armholes. This shaping may be easily followed from the diagram. The sleeve, shown in the smaller diagram on this page, is made in the same way, beginning with the borders at the bottom and working up.

To make the yoke, crochet sixty squares of the russet wool for the edge nearest the neck. Then mark each twelve squares in some way (a safety pin perhaps) and at each of these places increase one stitch for each of the eleven border rows. Once again there are four rows of russet, four rows of flame and three of peach color, while the body of the sweater and sleeves are of the beige.

When all of the pieces of the sweater are finished, sew the back and front together at the shoulders and under the arm. The seams should be put together with a wool of a matching color. Then pin the yoke to the sweater, easing the fullness of the bodice across the center front and back. After sewing up the seams in the sleeves, pin them to the body of the sweater with the seam of the sleeve meeting the seam of the sweater. The fullness of the sleeve should be eased into five inches at the top of the shoulder. When the sewing is finished, press the sweater carefully under a damp cloth.

Not much work after all, is it? And so inexpensive and easy to make that the chances are you will want two or three of these little sweaters in different color combinations before the summer is over. You will find them more useful than you ever dreamed, and so becoming that you will find yourself wearing them often.



Why Poetry?

ON a window-sill across the way are pots of tulips—mauve, yellow and white, and open on my desk lies

Professor Bliss Perry's charming and stimulating book, *A Study of Poetry*. In the first chapter Professor Perry tells of "watching a woman kneeling on the upturned brown earth of her tulip-bed, patting lovingly with her trowel as she covers the bulbs for next spring's blossoming;" and then he quotes from Katharine Tynan's poem about planting bulbs:

Setting my bulbs a-row
In the cold earth under the grasses,
Till the frost and the snow
Are gone, and the winter passes—

Turning the sods and the clay
I think of the poor sad people
Hiding their dead away
In the churchyard, under the steeple.

All poor women and men,
Broken-hearted and weeping,
Their dead they call on in vain,
Quietly smiling and sleeping.

Friends, now listen and hear,
Give over crying and grieving,
There shall come a day and a year,
When the dead shall be as the living.

Laying my bulbs in the dark,
Visions have I of hereafter.
Lip to lip, breast to breast, hark!
No more weeping, but laughter!

Professor Perry goes on to describe the "strange potencies of verse," its power to transform a simple act or thing into

By ANNE LLOYD

great beauty; and as I look across at my neighbor's tulips, they seem to personify my own idea of poetry—thoughts flowering into lovely and colorful words.

Poetry is such an ancient art, going back to the beginning of language. Read Carl Sandburg's preface to his recent book, *Early Moon*, and learn of the old Indian, Chinese and Egyptian rhythms, "the drum-beats of thousands of years ago" to which the dancers and singers of today are still keeping time. Surely an art that has such deep roots in the past should be treated reverently and loved and studied.

All the world seems inclined to write poetry now. People dash off alleged poems on every subject imaginable, and send them off hot to an editor, and then wonder why they come back by return mail. Poems should be set away to cool after they are written. The first flush of creation is a treacherous thing. Sometimes poems simply refuse to jell; they lack some necessary ingredient, and any good cook knows the chagrin of that situation.

Some poet-friends of mine always speak of having "poems in the ice-box," where they are left until they are thoroughly rid of the heat of composition. Then they are taken out and carefully examined for any traces of triteness, of false beats or paucity of thought. A facility for rhyming is most dangerous. Rhymes come too easily, they trip before they have learned to walk. There are too many "moons and Junes" and "loves and doves." There is apt to be an inclination to write what someone has amusingly termed "O Thou poems"—rhapsodic ravings without any spine.

"The future of poetry is immense," said Matthew Arnold, and I don't want to decry any honest effort to write thoughtful and sincere verse. I am enormously interested in the desire of youth to be poets—who knows but we may find another Keats or Shelley, or a Rupert Brooke, or even a Christina Rossetti or an Emily Dickinson! But it is important to know the pitfalls by the way, and there are only too many for the careless and unwary.

There is at present a great wave of eagerness to write poetry inundating the land. It is found in all parts of the world and in every language. It is one of the most encouraging and stimulating signs of the times, a revival of the old troubadour spirit—this urge to write, speak and sing in cadence. It is one of the worthiest of ambitions as well.

Shelley has told us that "poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds . . . a poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth." And Carl Sandburg writes that "poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess what is seen during a moment."

If you write your verses with a pencil or pen, lose no time in getting them into type, for faults that are scarcely perceptible in script, stand out boldly when typewritten or printed. Read your verses aloud over and over again to yourself, and to a friend, for often lines that scan on paper limp lamentably when they are read, and, after all isn't poetry meant to be read aloud? This suggests another thing that concerns me deeply—few people read poetry aloud acceptably. How wonderful it would be if youth everywhere could be trained to read it beautifully! Not elocute it—Heaven forbid!—just read it simply and clearly and under. (Continued on page 39)

A POETRY CONTEST

A special event for girls who write poetry

THE AMERICAN GIRL is having a poetry contest which will last until the first of September. Send in some of your verse. Perhaps your poem will win a prize and even if it doesn't, it may be printed later in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Mrs. Lloyd's article will help you in preparing your contest entries, so read it carefully.

Mr. Joseph Auslander, author of *Sunrise Trumpets* and other poems, and co-editor of *The Winged Horse*, will be a judge of the contest. Anne Lloyd, who writes poetry as well as writing about it—a recent volume of hers is *Antiques and Amber*—will be another judge and the third will be Birdsell Otis Edey. Mrs. Edey, as you know, is president of the Girl Scouts and author of a book of poems called *Rivets*.

The results of the contest will be announced in the November AMERICAN GIRL and the three prize-winning poems will be printed in that issue. The contest prizes will be books: the first, a copy of Carl Sandburg's *Early Moon*; the second, a volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems, and the third, a book by Sara Teasdale.

The contest is open to any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Please write on one side of the page. Write plainly at the top of the page your name, address, age and troop number, if you are a Girl Scout. Mail your manuscript to THE AMERICAN GIRL Poetry Contest, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City before midnight of September first.





Decoration by Elaine Mason

Mozart, a Child Wonder

ON THE twenty-seventh of January in 1756, in the old town of Salzburg, walled in by the im-

pressive, snow-capped peaks of the Bavarian and Tyrolean Alps, was born the most celebrated of all the wonder-children of music, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. At the unbelievably early age of three, he began to show extraordinary talent. He listened eagerly to the music lessons of his sister Marianne, affectionately called Nanderl, and would sing all of her pieces. His father, Leopold Mozart, soon began to teach him little minuets on the harpsichord, and he showed such aptitude that his progress was rapid. Nanderl's music-book, in which her father had written pieces of progressive difficulty, inspired Wolfgang to compose pieces of his own, which his father wrote down as he played them. Soon he was able to write them down himself and composed a concerto which was so difficult that no one could play it.

Wolfgang was a sensitive, lovable child and even in those days of strict parents, he was never whipped. Perhaps there was little reason to do so, since he was fond even of arithmetic!

When he was but six years old and his sister eleven, their father decided to travel with them and exhibit their talents. They stopped first at Munich, where the Elector was very kind to them and advised them to go to Vienna. Though their reputations had preceded them, they created a veritable furor at the court of Emperor Joseph and the great Maria Theresa. The Emperor termed Wolfgang his *kleiner Hexenmeister* (little magician) and the Empress and the ladies of the court lost their hearts to the child.

Soon longer journeys were undertaken, and similar triumphs were experienced in Paris at the court of Versailles and in London at the court of George the Third. Wolfgang not only played the harpsichord and organ for the King, but he accompanied the Queen in a song. Here he met Bach's son, Johann Christian, who was the Queen's music master and with whom he formed a fast friendship. Wherever he

By JEROME D. BOHM

played young Mozart was greeted by the greatest admiration—and sometimes envy from his listeners.

At the age of twenty-one, Wolfgang Mozart was a finished performer on three instruments—the harpsichord, the organ and the violin and had composed in nearly every form. His first opera had been written at the age of twelve. It was called *La Finta Semplice* and was performed in Salzburg at the palace of the Archbishop. His operetta *Bastien and Bastienne*, which he composed at the age of thirteen, was given in the private theater of friends of the family.

Having reached his majority Mozart, after much pleading with the Archbishop, obtained permission to leave Salzburg with his mother, in order to make his way in the world. What bitter disappointments and struggles were to be his! He was never to be quite free from the struggle against poverty and envious musicians. He was to lose his beloved mother in Paris, and later was to be prevented by his father from marrying his first love, Aloysia Weber, a singer, because Leopold Mozart could see only ruin for two young, poor musicians to marry when both of them were at the beginning of their careers.

Later, when Aloysia had married someone else Wolfgang married her sister, Constance. The marriage was not successful, partly because Constance was a poor manager and the young Mozarts were always involved in financial difficulties. Wolfgang himself was careless of money and since, despite the great success of many of his operas, they brought him in but little, there was nearly always next to nothing to keep the household going. To make matters worse, Constance was taken sick and expenses mounted. In 1791, he pawned his silver-plate to procure funds to undertake another tour, but the speculation again proved a failure and brought almost no returns. He returned to Baden, near Vienna, and began the composition of *Die Zauberflöte*, the last of his operas, and the greatest of his works.

While he was plunged in work, (Continued on page 35)



SILENTLY MARJORIE MADE HER WAY DOWN THE POLISHED STEPS OF THE OLD STAIRCASE

Mystery

was merely a faint, shadowy outline and she was not able to recognize it.

Marjorie's heart began to pound. She forgot the rule that no girl should leave her room after the bell for lights out had rung. She forgot that she might be found out and punished. She forgot everything but a hunch she suddenly had that the shadowy figure that had just disappeared down the winding stairs was the thief!

On cautious tiptoe Marjorie made her way to the staircase and down the polished steps which had felt the imprint of so many feet in all their long, long years. When she reached the hallway there was no sign of the figure. For a minute she hesitated. The shadows were deep and black, and pale moonlight, which came through the fanlight and the glass panels of the old doorway, lay in checkered patches on the ground. Marjorie held her breath and listened. But only the wind in the tall pines outside answered her silent question.

As she stood hesitant, not quite knowing what the next step should be, she heard the distant sound of a door being closed very gently. Someone was

MARJORIE lay in the dark, staring up at the ceiling and wondering about things. The evening had been a long and tedious one. Sarah Pugh had left the Three Bears alone at last, but Mary had been so shaken by Sarah's dark prophecy that she had refused to go down to dinner. Marjorie could hear the house getting settled for the night. The distant sound of subdued voices, the faint chiming of church bells marking the hours. Mary, in the next bed, turned once or twice in her sleep. Gloria apparently had fallen right off, for there was nothing to be heard but her regular breathing.

After awhile the moon came up and shone through the open bedroom window. It shone on Gloria's golden hair which was spread out on the pillow. It touched Mary Hopkins' eyelashes and Marjorie lifting herself on her elbow to look closer saw that Mary was crying in her sleep.

Marjorie dropped back softly on her pillow. Something about those shining lashes pulled at her heart. She lay quiet. Suddenly she caught her breath and listened. There was only silence, so profound that it beat against her ears. Marjorie relaxed again. She was strung up to a point where she was imagining things.

She may have dropped off for a second or two, but suddenly she sat up straight in the bed as though she had been called. She was sure now that she had heard something. Something that had creaked just outside the door! Marjorie sat up and swung her feet out of bed. Then she slipped on her bathrobe and slippers and went cautiously to the door. She opened it on a crack and peeped out. The living room was dark save for the moonlight, which fell only in patches; the corners of the room were in darkness. She listened a moment but there was no sound. Then suddenly, so suddenly that it made her jump, she heard the noise again. This time she was sure that it was coming from the corridor. She went over and opened the door on a crack and peeped out into the hall. She saw a dark figure disappearing down the stairs. It

taking infinite pains to do it as quietly as possible. If Marjorie's hearing had not been strained to the utmost she would not have been able to hear the low swishing sound. She put her hand to her heart as though to quiet its beating and tiptoed down the hallway to the left of the staircase. The sound had seemed to come from there. As she drew near to the closed door of the drawing-room she stopped and caught her breath. There was the tiniest thread of gold light showing under the crack of the door! From the way it wavered she knew that it was the pale gleam of a candle. Marjorie never hesitated. She went to the door and knelt before it and applied her eye to the old-fashioned keyhole—the keys to the old doors had long ago been misplaced.

She had a fairly good view of the room but it took several seconds for her eyes to become accustomed to the brighter light. Then she saw the figure she had followed down the stairs. The person was pulling a chair over to the front of the Governor Winthrop desk which stood in a corner. Marjorie looked closer, her eyes becoming accustomed now to the yellow glare of the candle. She could make out the white collar above a dark suit. The night prowler seemed to be a man! He mounted the chair and opened the glass doors that shut away the old books that were kept in the upper part of the desk. Then very carefully he put one hand behind the books and drew out the framed letter!

Marjorie almost screamed, but held on to herself and remained with her eyes glued to the keyhole. The person turned and she recognized the face! For a minute she thought she would faint—but she got herself in hand and, trembling violently, she turned and flew up the stairs. But although she went as fast as she could she remembered to be cautious and no one heard her as she sped down the corridor and into her room. She turned, breathlessly, and locked the door behind her, leaning against the panels for a minute. She suddenly realized the horror of her secret! She knew now beyond a doubt who had stolen the letter!

at Shadylawn

By MABEL CLELAND

Illustrations by Edward Poucher

She got to bed after awhile and lay curled up in a ball, trying to get warm as a puppy or a kitten would have done. "Oh, what shall I do?" she thought for the hundredth time. Then she grew calmer. "I'll tell Mr. Jackson about it in the morning," she promised herself, and she fell asleep at last.

The other girls had gone down to breakfast when she awoke the next morning. She scrambled into her clothes, caught up a few books at random, and when she had had a warm drink and some fruit and was feeling better, she went to Mr. Jackson's office and knocked on the door.

"Come in," he called. She entered the room and stood for a minute with the door closed behind her, before she walked across the bit of rug that separated her from the manager. Mr. Jackson looked up from a letter he was reading and smiled when he saw who it was.

"How's the little detective today?" he asked lightly. Then at the look in her eyes he became serious. "What is it, Marjorie? You're not the first visitor I've had this morning. Miss Hunter just left. She told me some wild tale of hearing creaking doors and soft footsteps last night. She said they went downstairs and to the drawing-room but she was afraid to follow them. Did you hear them, too?"

"Yes, I did," Marjorie answered although her voice was trembling. "I followed them all the way to the drawing-room and I saw who it was. I know who stole the letter, Mr. Jackson." She began to cry.

Mr. Jackson came around the desk and stood before her. "Stop crying," he commanded. "Are you sure that you could recognize the person again? This is a very serious accusation, you know. Tell me just what you saw."

Marjorie stopped crying and looked at him frankly. "I'm sure I could recognize the person anywhere! It was *you*!"

Mr. Jackson turned white. He dropped into a chair and stared at her.

"Do you know what you're saying?" he demanded. "Have you told anyone else?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"Not a soul," she answered. "I came to you first."

"You did just the right thing," he said, and lifting his hands and letting them fall dejectedly, he added, "Well, what are you going to do? When do you start throwing me to the wolves?" He tried to speak in his usual light tone but his attempt was far from successful.

Marjorie jumped to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Jackson!" she said. "*Why* did you do it?"

He crossed one leg over the other and dug his hands deep into his pockets before he answered.

"I'm sure it was no secret to you girls that I wanted to marry Miss Harrigan. Well, perhaps what you didn't know was that I had foolishly let her think that I had more money than I had because she'd always been up against it so hard ever since she was young. I hoped that she'd marry me and if she did I wanted to be able to give her all the comforts that she's had to go without all her life. So, as I had no money of my own, I decided to steal that letter. I knew what it was worth and it seemed the only way open to me."

Marjorie was listening eagerly.

"I took the letter the night of the dance," Mr. Jackson went on, "and hid it behind the books in the Governor Winthrop desk. I made up my mind to take a hurried trip to New York and sell it. Then I was coming back to Mildred and ask her again to marry

me. But the opportunity to ask her to marry me came before I had a chance to get away. She refused me again. And furthermore she told me that she was married to Richard White. That almost bowled me over! Here I was with the stolen letter on my hands—and she had married another man!"

"Why didn't you put it back?" Marjorie asked.

"I thought I would at first. Then I began to think things over. I wanted to get away—far away—and I needed money for that."

Marjorie put an impulsive hand on his arm for a minute. "I'm terribly sorry," she said.

Mr. Jackson got to his feet and squared his shoulders. He smiled down at her.

"I'm ready to take my medicine. Nothing much matters now."

Marjorie looked up at him and steeled her heart.

"There's more involved than your taking your medicine," she told him. "There's the school and Madame Brunnell. It would break her heart if she ever found out about it. You haven't thought of her, Mr. Jackson, have you?—or of the school?"

"I had lots of time to think things through last night," Marjorie went on. "I almost died when I realized you had taken the letter. If I'd been the fainting kind I would have passed out then and there, and you would have found me stretched across the threshold. But I haven't been the youngest of a family of brothers for nothing. I got back to my room. Then I went to bed and thought it all out. We've got

For what has happened so far in this story see page thirty-four



HE OPENED THE GLASS DOORS IN THE UPPER PART OF THE DESK

to save the school from a scandal—that's perfectly clear—and we've got to keep Madame Brunnell from finding out. I think the best thing is for you to go away."

"Go away?" he said. "And leave Mildred?"

"You were planning to go with the stolen money," Marjorie reminded him.

"That was different—" he began.

"Lots different," Marjorie snapped, thoroughly put out with the romantically inclined young man before her. "Then you could have moped around with nothing to do but nurse your breaking heart. Now you'll have to work hard."

For the next fifteen minutes they talked and planned. Then Marjorie left him, and the rest of the school day went on as so many others had gone before.

Only at lunch time Marjorie disappeared for awhile.

That evening the Three Bears were alone and Marjorie, trying very hard not to look too self-conscious, told them that she had something she wanted them to know.

Then she poured out the story of the stolen letter and Mr. Jackson's part in it.

When she had finished, Gloria sat up. She had been lying back against her favorite scarlet cushion, and she looked at Marjorie with shining eyes.

"Do you mean to say you sent him off, bag and baggage?" she demanded.

"I certainly do," Marjorie said triumphantly.

"But how do you know he won't come back some day?" Mary asked.

"Because here is a copy of the telegram he sent to Madame Brunnell," Marjorie answered and tossed a yellow sheet on the couch between her roommates.

Gloria picked it up and then looked at Marjorie with puzzled eyes.

"He says that he's going to be married to a Texas millionaire's daughter and that he wants to keep the school from any unpleasant publicity that might be detrimental to it," she said. "Doesn't that mean that people might think that the Texas girl was a pupil here—and if that was what happened to the inmates—that they fell in love with their teachers, other parents might not want to send them here?"

Marjorie nodded.

"I can't help being sorry for him," Mary said. "He was so handsome and he did like Miss Harrigan so much. Do you remember that day we overheard him tell her that she could always count upon his love to be a warm cloak to wrap

around her? I wonder if that was the day that he decided to steal the letter? Because you'll remember he said that he could give her every comfort and anything that she wanted."

"I think it was, too," Marjorie answered.

"Well, there won't be any scandal, thanks to you," Gloria said admiringly.

"Let's hope not," Marjorie said. "But now we'll have to think of some way to guide Miss Bowen down to the drawing-room so she can find the letter in the top of the Governor Winthrop desk. Mr. Jackson and I hid it there again before he went. If we can get Miss Bowen to find it there she'll probably think it hidden because the frame was broken. Mr. Jackson and I broke the frame before he put it away."

"You certainly are clever," Gloria said for the tenth time.

"Oh, I'm not so dumb," Marjorie laughed airily. "Now if we can persuade Miss Bowen to search the drawing-room carefully, I'll climb up on a chair and find the letter and exclaim joyfully about it!"

"We can manage that," Gloria said with a little wave of her hand.

"It certainly will be nice to be out from under the cloud of suspicion again," Mary Hopkins said with a sigh. "Miss Hunter has been treating me as though I were the Queen of the Highbinders!"

"That's one reason why I'll never be able to forgive Mr. Jackson for taking the letter. He got you in such a mess," Marjorie said.

Madame Brunnell received three telegrams the next day. One was signed with Vernon Jackson's name and one was from Miss Bowen telling her that the lost letter had been found. And the third one was from Captain Richard White announcing his marriage to Miss Harrigan.

Madame Brunnell almost cried over the telegram from Miss Bowen because she was so glad that the letter had been found. And she did cry over Captain White's telegram because she was fond of the young people. She read Vernon Jackson's telegram over two or three times and then let it drop in her lap and she sat quietly and stared out over the blue sea.

When Mr. Scott joined her later she handed him the piece of yellow paper and her eyes were shining with happiness.

"He was such a dear boy," she said referring to Mr. Jackson. "I was really very fond of him. His loyalty to me and to Shadylawn always came first. I shall miss him more than I can say," she sighed

(Continued on page 34)



MADAME BRUNNELL RECEIVED THREE TELEGRAMS THE NEXT DAY

Vegetables Green and New

By WINIFRED MOSES



AT THE TOP IS A DISH OF CAULIFLOWER SPRINKLED WITH CHEESE AND SURROUNDED BY BUTTERED CARROTS. BELOW IT ARE THE EVER-POPULAR STUFFED TOMATOES



NOW that warm weather has arrived, more than ever the time has come to eat vegetables. These, essential to the balanced menu in all seasons, are particularly important in the summer. They are light enough to be especially well adapted to hot weather, and best of all, they have much to do with good looks—a clear complexion and a lovely color.

Perhaps you don't eat enough raw vegetables. That's part of the secret of good looks—eating them raw at least once, better, twice a day. For then you get all of their food value, and every bit of their flavor. Vegetable salads for lunch, and often for dinner, too, are good and very easy to make. They are especially delicious and refreshing for hot summer days.

If you've never cared much for vegetables, either summer or winter, try these suggestions for making them more attractive. The "vegetable salad lunch" is a great invention. This usually consists of three parts. One part is a cooked vegetable salad of potatoes, peas, carrots, beans, cauliflower, or whatever vegetable is left over from dinner the night before. Another part is of raw vegetables, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, diced celery, grated new carrots, or beets. Yes, you may not believe it, but new carrots,

new beets, or new turnips, grated, are simply delicious; and the third part is just lovely crisp lettuce. Then, of course, there is either a bottle of French dressing or a bowl of mayonnaise. When there are only three or four in the family, use a big glass dish with three compartments—the cooked vegetables in one, the sliced vegetables in another and the lettuce in the third. You need only a small serving of each; so it does not take a large dish.

If there's a bigger crowd, then use a separate bowl for each part, or a big platter or chop plate, with the lettuce in the center, the cooked vegetable salad mixed with mayonnaise on one end, and the sliced, diced, grated, or shredded vegetables on the other. With this serve sliced, buttered brown bread, or toast, or rolls. You may add sardines or stuffed or deviled eggs, or even thin slices of pink ham, or cold roast lamb.

Tables may be especially attractive in summer. One particularly pretty one

I saw was set out on a porch. It had a bowl of field flowers in the center, a platter of crisp salad at one end, a big bowl of jellied fruit at the other with a little bowl of whipped cream and a jar of cookies on either side of it. At the other end was a plate of thin slices of buttered brown bread and opposite that a platter of sardines. Two little dishes—one of relish and one of jelly—gave a touch of color. And there were tall glasses of iced chocolate at each place. It was lovely to look at and delicious, too. This kind of luncheon may be used all summer for bridge parties.

Individual salads may be served on glass grill plates. You may use any luncheon plate if you want to, but the grill plates are very attractive. A delicious potato salad in a lettuce cup may be put in the largest section, with half of a stuffed egg on the side. Another section may contain sliced tomatoes covered with French dressing and two or three rings of onion; and the third, three or four little cheese sandwiches.

But we can't eat all of our vegetables raw or in salads. I don't mean that we aren't to eat any more potatoes and carrots and beets (*Continued on page 45*)



A DISH WITH THREE COMPARTMENTS IS IDEAL FOR SERVING A SALAD LUNCHEON (LEFT). BELOW ARE THE INGREDIENTS FOR A RAW VEGETABLE SALAD





June Days Ar

—and girls take to the out-of-doors. study, picnics in the woods and b gage the interest of Girl Scouts,



NOW IS THE TIME TO GO ROAMING AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH A CAMERA AS THIS GIRL OF ONTARIO, CANADA IS DOING



A BEACH BREAKFAST! WHAT TASTES BETTER THAN BACON COOKED BY THE SEA? "NOTHING!" ANSWER THESE SAN FRANCISCO GIRL SCOUTS



SIOUX CITY GIRLS TOOK A GYPSY TRIP IN THIS MODERN COVERED WAGON AND AN OCCASIONAL FLAT TIRE NEVER DAUNTED THEM

Are Here Again

*of-dooms. Hiking, tennis, swimming, nature and beach parties—all these things en-
coute, now that warm weather has come*



THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF HOBBIES, AND THIS GIRL'S HAPPENS TO BE RAISING RABBITS—WHICH IS GOOD FUN IF ONE HAS ROOM FOR THEM

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK GIRL SCOUTS TURN OUT TO LOOK FOR WILD-FLOWERS, FERNS AND BIRDS' NESTS WHEN FINE WEATHER ARRIVES



WE CAN'T ALL PLAY IN TOURNAMENTS LIKE THIS TENNIS ENTHUSIAST OF FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, BUT WHETHER WE'RE DUBS OR CRACK PLAYERS, JUNE DAYS LURE US TO THE COURTS TO PRACTICE OUR DRIVES AND BACKHAND STROKES



"HIAWATHA" MADE A PICTURESQUE WATER-SIDE PAGEANT WHEN THESE BALTIMORE, MARYLAND GIRL SCOUTS PRODUCED THE FAMOUS LEGEND

QUAINT COSTUMES, A STURDY OAK AND A BRIGHT JUNE DAY MADE THE PHILADELPHIA GIRL SCOUTS' SELLENGER'S ROUND A GAY ONE

TO THE OFFICES of THE AMERICAN GIRL have come hundreds of interesting accounts of all kinds of outdoor parties and festivals. One of these was an extract from the diary of Geraldine Dondero of Troop Four, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who sends this account of the State Review in Boston, which she attended last summer.

"Ooh, Diary, did I have a wonderful time! Well, I guess! We, the Portsmouth Girl Scouts, left one hundred strong on two special cars attached to the Pine Tree Limited.

"The Review began with the Girl Scouts of Greater Boston putting on a pageant, *Looking Backward*. It showed the different methods of recreation of the New England girls for the past three centuries, and ended with a Girl Scout demonstration. Meanwhile, a group of Girl Scouts had been busy building an emergency bridge of pine wood, upon which the governors of two states met with Girl Scout officials. Just imagine 4,100 Girl Scouts in one group. It was certainly a wonderful sight.

"You can bet I'll go to every Review I get the chance to attend hereafter. We left the North Station, and when we neared our last stop we joined hands, grimy and tired, and sang *Taps*."

A Field Day in Tennessee

Knoxville girls hold exciting contests

The Knoxville, Tennessee, Girl Scouts held a most successful Field Day last summer. Louise Swann of Troop Fifteen, writes us about it:

"It was a great day! All the Girl Scouts of Knoxville, Tennessee, gathered at the Bird Preserve owned by H. P. Ijams. At eleven o'clock we all arrived. Under the thick foliage of the woods we all rushed to the little white flags with numbers on them. These were markers so that we could find the place where each troop was to build its fire.

"Our first occupation was a nature trail

through some real woods where we found all sorts of wild flowers, plenty of poison ivy, and a nest of baby thrushes.

"Next came our fire building contest. Each troop could have two girls, one to build the fire and one to furnish the builder with material.

"The knot tying contest soon followed with such a scrambling as no Girl Scout ever experienced.

"There was hardly a breathing spell until the code contest. Two girls, a receiver and a sender, were all who participated from each troop. The senders were all given sealed messages which were sent out one hundred yards from the receiver. Then on the blast of a whistle each sender tore open her message and began to wigwag her flag as accurately and as quickly as she could. The receiver had a girl with her to take down on a piece of paper each letter she received. The message was in the form of a command to the receiver as 'Take the rock in your captain's hand to the judge who stands behind her.'

"Of course, between the contests and lunch there was a rest. This consisted of a number of old ballads acted out by several talented Girl Scouts in costume. These were delightfully arranged in a ravine, the woods making hills on either side of the stage and providing a natural amphitheater. Here at the end of the day two girls were presented with the Golden Eaglet award."

This Indian Party Got Wet

But the girls had a good time anyhow

Ethel Wilkinson of Wood-Ridge, New Jersey, sends in an account of an Indian Party, which her troop had last June.

"Whoopee! Whoopee! Whoopee! No, the Indians haven't attacked the town. It's

Outdoors with

*—for who would think of staying in on
be at a summer rally or review, a field
in folk dancing or play-acting under*



only the Girl Scouts of Wood-Ridge arrayed for their Indian Party. With blankets trailing and feathers flying and, last but not least, our supper under our arms we trailed off in the direction of the woods. We had just reached the shelter of the trees when it began to rain hard and we hurried to the place where we were to have our council fire. When we arrived at our camp, Indians quickly became Girl Scouts again with their blankets spread over the boughs of the trees, and we were as 'snug as bugs in a rug' in our hastily erected tepee. We soon had a fire burning merrily with bacon frizzling over it. By the time we had finished eating and had cleaned up, the rain stopped and the sun peeped through the clouds. After that we sat around the fire and sang some songs and told Indian legends and stories of the Civil War. By this time it was dark enough for the long anticipated ghost story. We had the fire piled high with wood and everyone was circled around it. As the ghost story progressed everyone cuddled closer to the fire and we could almost see the eyes shining through the bushes or hear the tread of feet in the haunted house. When the story ended we formed our goodnight circle and sang *Taps*. When the last echo died away we started for home."

Mrs. Edison Attended This Rally

Fort Myers girls enjoyed her visit

Another of last summer's rallies that sounds attractive was that held by the Fort Myers, Florida, Girl Scouts. Ruth Knight of Fort Myers, writes to tell us about it.

"What a glorious Friday. The rally was to be at Alabama Grove Terrace, a perfectly delightful spot for any gathering of girls.

"About five o'clock all of the fires were

Girl Scouts

*a fine June day when she can
day or festival, or taking part
blue skies and green trees!*

lit. There were about thirteen of them, and three chefs supervised the cooking. After the sun had set, a huge bonfire was lit. Everyone present joined hands and marched around the campfire singing old familiar songs.

"One distinguished guest was present, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, a winter resident of this city. Mrs. Edison told us that Mr. Edison would enjoy coming to our next rally."

What Do City Girls Do in Summer? Brooklyn girls meet on Lookout Hill

And in case any of you is wondering what activities Girl Scouts in the largest cities of the country carry on in the summer, here is a letter from Ruth Scharff, a member of Troop 106, Brooklyn.

"All Brooklyn Girl Scouts are not so fortunate as to be able to go to camp all summer; instead meetings for all who wish to come are held on Lookout Hill in Prospect Park.

"It's quite a climb to the top of the hill, and as we ascend we hear shouting and talking and breathe in the aroma of outdoor cooking. Lunch finished, everyone gathers to one side of the hill facing an imaginary stage. Under the leadership of the music councillor, songs of all types are sung and new ones taught. Sometimes we have charades, or a play.

"Summer classes are held at our Girl Scout House where examinations for merit badges are given. Then, too, there are the usual weekly outings to places of interest. Thus ends the successful plan of the

Brooklyn leaders to keep the girls interested for the summer."

Corning Girls Gave Pageant

*Over two hundred
took part*

Martha Littleton of Troop Four, Corning, New York, writes to us about a pageant which the Corning Girl Scouts gave last June.

"Over two hundred Girl Scouts took part in an out-of-door pageant entitled *The Girl Scout's Sampler*.

"As the pageant opens, two girls enter, one in a long white robe representing the Spirit of the Ages, and the other a Girl Scout in uniform, carrying a sampler. The Spirit shows the Girl Scout what has been woven by women of America through the ages into the sampler, on which she is recording what the girl of today can do.

"The first is the scene of an Indian camp, showing the knowledge and love of

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

WE HAVE two Star Reporters this month. They are Mabel Morsbach and Charlotte Brown of Troop Thirty-nine, Cincinnati, who sent us an account of a Girl Scout rally held last summer on a steamer, on the Ohio River.

"One bright sunny day found Cincinnati Girl Scouts, twelve hundred strong, tripping gaily down the banks of the Ohio River toward the steamer, *The Island Queen*, on which they were to hold the annual Girl Scout Rally for 1930.

"It was to be our first rally on the river, our first opportunity to meet other Girl Scouts of our city, our first inspiration to become an outstanding, though new, troop in our community.

"After boarding the boat we climbed to the upper deck to watch happy Girl Scouts, troop by troop, assemble and march down to the boat; troop banners waving gently, three loud blasts of the boat's whistle sounded—and we were off on our cruise down the Ohio!

"We remained on deck for a while watching the steamer ply its way in the green-brown waters between the wooded Kentucky and Ohio shores.

"As we saw the Cincinnati skyline fade in the distance, our attention became fastened on our immediate surroundings. A thorough examination of the steamer, from upper deck to engine room, followed and occupied us for quite a while.

"On our way back we received word to assemble in the large ballroom on second deck for a grand march and program. We formed in line, five abreast, and slowly marched to radio music.

"At the close of the program we were served refreshments. The remainder of the time was left for us to become acquainted with other Girl Scouts, to learn new songs, and silently to enjoy the river scenery.

"Reluctantly gathering on the lower deck, the various troops formed their goodbye circles and sang *Taps* as the steamer drew ashore. Thus ended our first and never-to-be-forgotten rally on the Ohio."

the out-of-doors contributed by the Indian women. The second is the Pilgrim women of high ideals. The third to help in the weaving were the pioneer women. The ladies of the colonial days, shown at a tea party, wove in courtesy and hospitality.

"The Spirit then calls on the Girl Scouts to show what they are weaving into the sampler. She calls a troop, which enters and repeats the laws. A camping scene shows how the Girl Scouts are keeping their heritage from the Indian and pioneer women.

"The next is a garden party, showing the lesson in graciousness the girls have learned from the Colonial ladies, who come forward to dance the minuet."

Play Day At Miami Field

Florida's festival is a big success

Elizabeth Baird of Troop One, Opalocka, Florida, writes to us about the Dade County Play Day at Miami Field last year.

"All of the girls from the elementary schools throughout the county were invited. We played games and had a 'dog show' where girls displayed the calico dogs they had made.

"After lunch under big beach umbrellas there were stories and folk dances. A huge victrola with amplifiers sent music all over the field. Nobody wanted to go home."



THESE ATLANTA, GEORGIA GIRL SCOUTS SEEM TO ENJOY THEIR PARTS IN THE PLAY

Jo Ann and the Pup

(Continued from page 18)
to Tommy. "I told him first and it's mine. And I mean to have it."

"You mean I told him first, don't you?" Tommy scoffed. "That's my dog and I'm going to have it."

He stopped short and looked frightened.

"Oh, golly!" he exclaimed.

"What time do you think it is?"

"I don't know," Jo Ann said.

"It's about two o'clock, I guess.

And I know what you're going to say—you're going to say you just remembered you had to do something at two o'clock. I knew you'd get off this bridge before I did!"

"That's not so," said Tommy, "and just for that I'll stay here the rest of my life if you don't go first."

What he had thought so suddenly was that his horse was costing him two dollars an hour. Jo Ann's, because she had tickets, was costing her only a dollar and a half an hour—or really nothing, because her father had given her the book of tickets.

"Jo Ann—" he said.

"What?" Jo Ann asked.

"Do you call this having fun?"

"I never had so much fun in my whole life," said Jo Ann with exaggeration.

"But how would this be?" asked Tommy. "Suppose I don't make you back off the bridge and you don't make me back off the bridge. Suppose we just wait until the tenth automobile goes under the bridge and then we both just back off the bridge at the same time."

"No, thank you," said Jo Ann. "I'm going straight ahead when I do go. If you want to back off the bridge I'm sure nobody is stopping you."

No one from the riding school had come to call for the horses because Wicky and Ted had told them that Tommy and Jo Ann were not bringing the horses back quite yet. But another person brought the deadlock on the bridge to an end. One of the park policemen on horseback turned into the path and presently came to the bridge.

"What's this, now?" he asked. "What are you obstructing the bridge for?"

"I don't want to obstruct the bridge," Jo Ann said. "He won't let me pass."

"I'm not obstructing the bridge," said Tommy. "I was going across the bridge and she rode up in front of me and she won't let me go by."

The policeman dismounted and came up behind Tommy's horse. He was good-natured enough about it, but he was stern.

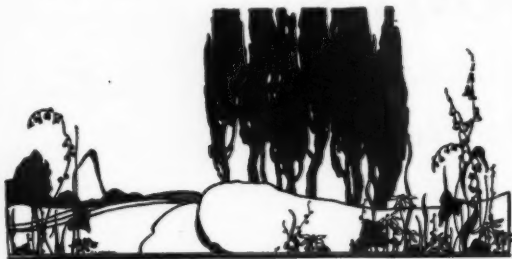
"You can't be staying here," he said. "One of you back off the bridge now."

"I wouldn't back off for anything," said Jo Ann. "I said I was going on across this bridge and I'm going to."

"One of them never-give-up and never-give-in contests, I can see," said the officer. "We'll settle this problem some way," he smiled. "Both of them horses is O'Connell's, as I well know, seeing them every day. And you'd not be turning back the way you came, miss?"

"If you make me I'll have to, I suppose," said Jo Ann.

"And far be that from me!" said the officer. "There's a way you both can have



your ways and no harm done. Come off your horse, miss, and edge along over to this one of his, and you, young sir, edge over onto the horse she is on now."

It was a wise solution. For only a moment Jo Ann hesitated; then she stepped to the railing of the bridge and moved along it until she could get on Major's back. Tommy, on the other side of the horses, moved along until he was able to get into Prince's saddle.

"And now be off with you, crazy kids that you are!" said the park cop with a grin. "Back off the bridge the both of you and be on your way."

Tommy was already backing Prince and turning him.

"Yah!" he jeered at Jo Ann. "That's one time you didn't do so much!"

It did look as if Jo Ann had not triumphed especially. Tommy was not backing his horse off the bridge—he was backing Jo Ann's. Tommy had meant to cross the bridge in the direction in which he had started to cross it—and he was doing just that. But neither was Jo Ann backing her horse—she was backing Tommy's. And she, too, was crossing the bridge and able to go on in the direction she had intended to go. It would have seemed, to anyone but Jo Ann, a tie finish with neither winning, but Jo Ann did not see it that way. She turned her head.

"Ho! Didn't I?" she called. "I wanted Major and now I've got him, Mister Smarty Bassick!" And with this final taunt she touched Major with her crop and let him run. But she did not turn him toward the stable. She guided him toward her home.

When she left the park Jo Ann had to pull Major down to a more reasonable gait. She hoped Tommy would go to the stable and so waste time, but Tommy evidently had the same thought that Jo Ann had and she saw him ride out of the park by another exit. He was headed for home, too, and Jo Ann knew he was thinking of the cunning little puppy and that he wanted to make sure the dog-seller had left the pup at his house and not at Jo Ann's. Jo Ann urged Major into a run, and they reached home neck and neck.

Wicky and Ted Spence were sitting on a bench in Jo Ann's yard and the precious pup was playfully worrying a stick at their feet. With one impulse Jo Ann and Tommy swung off their horses and dashed for the pup.

"That's my dog!" Jo Ann declared, reaching for the pup.

"My dog!" said Tommy, also reaching for it, but Wicky held the wiggling pup close in her arms.

"Jo Ann, stop it! Tommy, quit!" Wicky

said, and Ted Spence put out an arm to ward the two rival claimants away.

"But it's my dog!" insisted Jo Ann. "It's mine and I want it, Julia Wickham."

"It's not her dog," said Tommy. "I told that man I'd buy it and it's mine."

Wicky turned and ran. Ted Spence still interfered, standing in front of Tommy and Jo Ann.

"Now wait! Keep your shirt on, Tommy. Don't get excited, Jo Ann. Listen!"

"The man was waiting here when Wicky and I got here, and he said 'Well, here's the dog, where's those two folks that wanted it?' and we said you weren't here yet. So he said he wasn't going to wait all day and he could sell a dog like that in a minute for a dollar. So Wicky and I both bought the dog. I didn't have a dollar and Wicky didn't have a dollar, but I had fifty cents and Wicky had fifty cents, so I bought half the dog for Tom and Wicky bought half the dog for Jo Ann. You both own it."

For a moment or two neither Tommy nor Jo Ann said anything. Just then Wicky came back with the pup. It certainly was the cunningest pup they had ever seen.

"The darling!" Jo Ann exclaimed. "I want to pet it—which half is mine?"

"We fixed that," Ted said. "We divided the pup lengthwise."

"We were awfully clever," Wicky explained. "We thought it all out. We thought the pup would mostly stand barking at the people on the street, and that would turn his right side toward Tommy's house, so we gave Tommy the right-hand side of him, and you the left, Jo Ann."

"And Wicky and I are going to build a kennel for him," said Ted, "and put the kennel half in Tommy's yard and half in yours. It will have two doors, one towards Tommy's house and one towards yours."

"All right!" said Jo Ann, with sudden decision. "All right! That suits me. But I'm going to name my half Rags."

"And I'm going to call my half Sport." So the puppy became Rags-Sport or Sport-Rags according to the point of view.

"We'll build the kennel tomorrow," Ted said, "and until then Wicky and I will take care of the pup."

Wicky, it was agreed, should retain the dog for that night, and Tommy and Ted rode the horses back to the stable. It began to look as if the long quarrel was about to end, thanks to the puppy. But when the boys were gone Jo Ann was almost too happy, it seemed to Wicky.

"You seem awfully pleased," Wicky said.

"Do I?" said Jo Ann. "I am, too. You know where you and Ted said the kennel was to be put, don't you? Half in Tommy's yard and half in mine? Well?"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Wicky, and well she might, for she and Ted had forgotten the tall terrace that ran up from Jo Ann's yard to Tommy's yard. To be half in one yard and half in the other the kennel would have to be at the foot of the terrace and not for months would the roly-poly pup be able to climb the terrace into Tommy's yard. It might as well be Jo Ann's pup entirely. Jo Ann had won again.

Scatter at camp is just as funny as she is at home—

Snap That Picture! Win a Big Prize!

Any girl has a chance in Kodak's International \$100,000 Competition for Amateur Picture-Takers

GIRLS! Here's *your* chance to win thousands of dollars with a simple snapshot.

Pictures of your schoolmates... your family pets... your vacation in camp. Snapshots such as you make all the time are the kind of pictures wanted in this contest.

1,000 Prizes for U. S. A.

There are 1,000 prizes totaling \$25,000 for the United States. And first prize winners in U. S. A. compete for international awards amounting to \$16,000 more.

A single, simple snapshot may win you as much as \$14,000.

The girl with a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to win a prize as owners of costly cameras.

No special skill, no long experience is required in this contest. Only picture interest counts... professionals are barred.

Famous People as Judges

Winners in U. S. A. will be decided by a committee of distinguished people. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the writer; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, conqueror of both Poles by air; Rudolph Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."

Ask your dealer for rules leaflet or write to Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Lay in a



supply of film today. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10.00 P. M. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9.30 P. M. Pacific time.



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes... gives pictures of the prize-winning kind.



Mary Roberts Rinehart,
foremost authoress,
Judge



Rear Admiral
Richard E. Byrd,
Chairman of Judges

\$25,000 in U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of any subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. Children. Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. Scenes. Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations. Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors. Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exterior or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. Informal Portraits. Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. Animals, Pets, Birds. Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and . . . \$2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class \$500

For the next picture in each class 250

For the next picture in each class 100

For each of next 5 pictures in each class . . . 25

For each of next 133 pictures in each class . 10

(847 prizes, totaling \$16,330)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state \$100

Second Prize, each state 50

Third Prize, each state 20

(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling \$8,670)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and . . \$10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and \$1,000.

Total U. S. Prize Money \$25,000

International Awards 16,000

Prize Money for rest of world 59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a \$500 class prize, the \$2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . . plus a \$1,000 international class award and the \$10,000 international grand award . . . a total of \$14,000 for a single snapshot.

Entry Blank—Clip it Now!

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street Address _____

Town and State _____

Make of Camera _____

Make of Film _____ Number of pictures accompanying this blank _____
A. G. 6

KODAK INTERNATIONAL \$100,000 COMPETITION for Amateur Picture-Takers

In the July magazine she has a new adventure. Don't miss it!

All Over the World



IN New York, London, Paris, Berlin and other great medical centers of the world, physicians and scientists are at work night and day trying to find the cause, prevention and cure of cancer.

WHEN the hoped-for, worked-for, and prayed-for discovery is really made the whole world will be told of it by front-page headlines in newspapers, radio broadcasting and magazines.

Meanwhile science is making steady progress in fighting the disease which kills more people, past 40, in the United States than any other disease but one—heart disease.

As in many other wars against disease, the great weapon at present is education—spreading the knowledge that cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and x-rays or removed by surgery. But there is no accepted proof that any drug, serum or local application can cure it.

Cancer itself is neither hereditary nor contagious. Its early development is usually painless.

But while cancer prowls, like a thief in the night, attacking and robbing the unwary, alert defense against it is saving thousands of lives. Complete health examinations, made in time to locate the presence of

the enemy, are the best defense against cancer.

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps, strange growths, swellings, sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from any part of the body. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in appearance. If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed.

Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

Quacks and charlatans, who claim to have discovered secret cancer "cures", prey upon the ignorance of their victims—and they lose precious time when every hour is of utmost value in preventing the growth of the disease.

Modern science appeals to intelligence. Many untimely deaths can be prevented by getting rid of cancerous growths. Especially is this true while they are local and confined to a small area.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Ask for Booklet 631-X which will be mailed free.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A Present from Paris

(Continued from page 14)

Cousin George. Something, Angelica caught, about somebody not being "l'enfant" which meant "child" in English. Cousin George stared at Angelica rather curiously before he answered: "Pshaw! In America children are children, thank goodness. Sure Angelica is a little girl!"

Which rather puzzled Angelica, until she began thinking about the trunks, and wondering again about her present from Paris.

They had been at Greenacres for several days; the trunks had not come, but something happened, one day, to put all worry about delayed trunks out of everybody's mind. Little Emily ran away!

The French nurse, Jeanne, came screaming to the house one day in what Mammy described as "foamin' highstrikes." Nobody could understand a word of her rapid and incoherent French until Cousin George and his wife could be found. Angelica might have understood some of it, but she was away on a visit to the over-seer's wife, Mrs. Hamm, who had a quilt in the frames.

Angelica being absent, and Grandmother and her guests being away, a great deal of valuable time was lost before they found out that little Emily was missing.

Mammy put a man on a fast horse and bade him gallop to the neighbor's plantation and tell her mistress; and Angelica, comfortably partaking of pigs' feet and pickles at Mrs. Hamm's, was startled by the appearance of Minty, a house-girl whose eyes glowed and whose breath panted, while she told Little Missy to come quick and try to understand the foreigner, who had lost the baby! 'Little Missy' did.

The baby and nurse had been for a walk in the cool woods nearby. The baby had disappeared while the nurse's head was turned a moment. Vanished—like that!

"Humph," ejaculated Angelica, dryly, "what were you doing?" Confusedly, the girl admitted that she had been reading a book—just for a moment.

At last she drew from the girl that it happened near a deserted cabin, whose bright flowers had attracted the child.

"Aunt Injun-Jo's," thought Angelica, and at once formed her conclusions. The old woman had probably returned from her "pleasure-place" to get something in the cabin. Maybe the baby had followed her—Aunt Injun-Jo had a way with children—while the *bonne's* "head was turned."

"She's all right," soothed Angelica. "I'll go and find her."

To the servants she merely said she would find the baby, and she wanted nobody to go with her.

She rode her pony, Lady Ernestine, saddling her because she could do it faster than the grooms, and cantered away in the direction of the forest.

Deeper and deeper she rode into the thick undergrowth, until at last she came to the swamp. Here, surrounded always by a slough, was a clump of hoary trees, covered with vines so thickly that they seemed impenetrable, but Angelica knew that the trees were a ring, and within a high knoll, always dry or nearly so, where Aunt Injun-Jo had her dearly beloved summer house.

She tied the pony to a tree on the edge

Don't neglect to read "A Right Smart Picture" by Esther Greenacre Hall—

of the knoll, and crept through the interlacing vines. She smiled. Distinctly could she hear the sound of voices. One deep and rich with laughter—Aunt Injun-Jo's voice. Another, like silver bells, chatting in what the servants called "de unknown tongue"—little Emily's!

"Hoo-ee, Aunt Injun-Jo!" called Angelica, cautiously.

Aunt Injun-Jo was sitting on a rounded stump at the door of her tepee, constructed of poles covered with her spare bed-quilts. A fire, nearly at her feet, burned slowly, and, barbecuing before the coals, hung a fat 'possum that had arrived at the stage of crackling brown that meant perfection of barbecue. A cleanly swept rock held an ashcake, and sweet potatoes were roasting in the embers.

"De lawsy mussy, if n it ain't Li'l Missy!" beamed the old woman, pleasant surprise in her tones. "Look dis putty babe I found dis mornin', when I went back home after my big pot to cook a turkey I'm aimin' to catch in my turkey-pen. Dis chile was runnin' after a bird, and she was standin' right at de edge o' de slough! Mought 'a' bogged up in dat quicksand or got drowned in water, hadn't I happened 'long. She's a big gal, but she can't talk so's I kin understand her. I thought I'd keep her wid me while she satified, and den take her to Old Miss, if she frets."

And by the time the baby began to fret, she would have been filled with 'possum and sweet potatoes! Angelica shuddered to think of what might have happened to the delicate, carefully nurtured child on such a diet!

"She's ours, Aunt Injun-Jo. She is Cousin George Fairfax's baby," explained Angelica, "and she can hardly speak a word of our language—she is half French, and her nurse is French. Her father and mother will be so grateful to you for saving her from the slough and keeping her safely."

"Well, she one o' our own fambly!" beamed the woman. "I members Marse George when he was a lad of a boy."

Aunt Injun-Jo, bearing Emily in her arms, strode through the vines and reached the pony.

"Dare, now! I bet dat hoss done make a trail th'oo my woods," exclaimed Aunt Injun-Jo indignantly. Angelica, however, soothed her by saying nobody should follow in the pony's path—her grandmother would forbid it.

When they reached the Big House they found the family had returned. Cousin George and his wife both embraced the baby and nearly smothered her with kisses.

"Angelica," Cousin George said, solemnly, when the child had been fed—though not on 'possum! "Angelica, honey, I beg your pardon for thinking you a mere little girl! You have a head on your shoulders that would do credit to the President of the United States! If you want the half of my kingdom for a reward, it shall be yours! And when Aunt Injun-Jo comes from her pleasuring, she shall have the other half!"

Cousin George went to Richmond the next day, having heard that his baggage had come at last. Before he left he held a conference with Angelica's grandmother concerning some fitting reward for her.

"She would feel very much hurt if you suggested such a thing," said Grandmother.

Then Cousin Eloise spoke softly of some birthday gift for herself. Why not transfer it to (Continued on page 34)

Nancy Dell's Corner

Perhaps some popularity problem is worrying you. Write Nancy Dell about it. She will be glad to answer you personally.

QUIET, shy girls—who find it difficult to "mix," who don't enjoy yourselves in a crowd—for you I'm publishing part of some correspondence with a young Southern girl.

Dear Nancy Dell: I would very much like to be popular. Will you please give me some good suggestions? I am quiet most of the time when I am at school and other places and don't seem to enjoy myself very much.—M. C.

Dear M. C.: Try to enter into the games, sports and other interests of your friends. I know that if you are the "quiet" type that is going to sound awfully hard, but it will help you overcome your shyness...

If you want to take part in the sports that your friends enjoy, so that you will be a necessary member of your group, first take one that you feel sure you will like. Learn that one, and work on it until you are good at it, because if you are good you will enjoy it all the more. When you have developed one game or sport, try another, and so on, until you can join in with your friends regardless of what they suggest—and the better you play the more in demand you will be.

Dear Nancy Dell: I am sure I can never thank you enough. I think sports have helped me wonderfully. I play basketball now and like it very much. It has helped me a lot I know. I am going in for a lot of other sports and try to learn them well too.—M. C.

It is hard at first, if you are shy, to break down your reserve and make yourself popular. That's why I suggest sports. First of all, others are interested in sports (at least I haven't yet found a group who weren't to some extent) and the first difficulty—finding a com-

mon interest—is overcome. Next, you always have information on a subject which provides animated conversation at all times. And lastly—but that isn't necessary. We all know how splendid outdoor exercise is for complexion, hair, eyes and figure.

If you're going in for sports of course you'll want Keds, not only for their help toward sure footwork—so important in all sports—but also because they come in a variety of styles to suit every mood and match every costume. For instance, this good-looking oxford, the



"Mentone," comes with red, blue, green, black or tan trim. And then this one,



the Keds "Regina," with a Cuban heel, is extremely smart for semi-dress wear.

Don't forget to include the new Keds when you plan your sports costumes. You'll be delighted to see how wonderfully they improve even your smartest outfit!

Nancy Dell

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The Shoe of Champions

You'll love this story by the author of "Gladstone Tunes"—in July

You and Your Breakfast Are Like a Bow and Arrow

Your breakfast is just as important to you as the bow is to the arrow. The right food will carry you "flying" through the day. But the wrong breakfast snarls your whole day up in hard knots. Start each day with a winning breakfast of golden brown Shredded Wheat biscuits floating in a bowl of creamy milk. Every growing person needs vitamins, carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts and other important-sounding food elements, and, Hurray—they're all in Shredded Wheat.

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WHAT IS SO RARE AS A HIKE IN JUNE

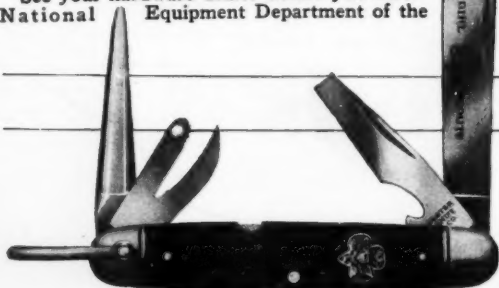
THEN, if ever, come perfect days when wood smoke smells more pungent, broiling bacon on a stick makes Girl Scouts' mouths water in gustatory anticipation and it's good to be alive. Get outdoors. Follow "The Long Brown Path". And every last girl in the troop will be prepared for a better time if she takes her Ulster Official Knife with her.

The Ulster Official Girl Scout Knife is the highest development in an outdoor knife for girls. With a keen cutting blade, a jolly little can opener, which works just as well as mother's big one, a combined punch and scraper, a handy screw driver and a bottle cap lifter you have a handful of efficiency that you will need many times this summer, in camp and on trail, gleaming with the quality of excellent steel, Scout Trefoil set into a handsome American

See your hardware dealer before you hike.
National Equipment Department of the

It's a fine looking knife, too, adorned with a metal Girl stag handle.

If he cannot supply you, the Girl Scouts will be glad to.



The ULSTER KNIFE WORKS
Dwight Divine & Sons, Inc.
Ellenville, New York

A Present from Paris

(Continued from page 33)

Angelica? "That other—eet ees not for a *jeune demoiselle*," she decided earnestly.

Grandmother, when told of the original gift intended for Angelica, grew helpless with laughter.

"I'll keep it till she is old enough to appreciate the joke on herself. Just now I am afraid it would be a bit of tragedy," said Grandmother with twinkling eyes. "Angelica is right sensitive."

And so it happened that Angelica proudly displayed to the young gentewomen at the Richmond school a French watch, the very prettiest that money could buy, engraved, too, with her name and all.

"A little present from Paris," she explained to the awe-struck damsels who were permitted to inspect it, "from my cousins who came over on a visit."

Hidden safely in the very bottom of Grandmother's cedar chest, to repose unseen, lay the original present from Paris—a gift to delight the heart of any little girl who had not reached the age of thirteen, going on fourteen—a French doll, nearly as tall as little Emily!

Mystery at Shadylawn

(Continued from page 24)

regretfully. For, fortunately for her peace of mind, she believed every word about the Texas millionaire's daughter and Mr. Jackson's thoughtfulness for the school!

What has happened so far in the story.

Marjorie Ross, Gloria Vanderpool and Mary Hopkins meet informally on the train that is taking them to Shadylawn, a boarding school in Virginia, where later they find that they are to be roommates.

The girls' first callers are three former occupants of the suite they are using, who have refused to take the rooms again because of the curse they felt hung over those rooms.

After they have been in school a few days the Three Bears overhear Miss Harrigan, the most popular of the teachers, telling Mr. Jackson, who is the business manager of the school, that she cannot marry him because she loves Dick White.

One morning all the girls in the school are summoned to meet with Madame Brunnell in the drawing-room.

Madame Brunnell announces that a valuable letter is missing. As the girls leave the room Marjorie is told that Mr. Jackson wishes to see her. When she reaches his office he tells her that Mary Hopkins is suspected of having taken the letter.

When Marjorie returns to their suite she tells Gloria the story. Just then Mary enters the room and the girls frankly tell her everything. Mary asks to be allowed to bear the suspicion of having taken the letter, until the real thief may be discovered. All at once, however, she exclaims in a frightened voice, "The room! I forgot about the curse! Suppose there is something to it, and I can't get out of this mess? Oh, what am I going to do?"

Do you like animal stories? There's one in the July magazine—

Mozart, a Child Wonder

(Continued from page 21)

a stranger visited him, and under the oath of secrecy, commissioned him to compose a requiem for an unknown person. He interrupted his labors to undertake a trip to Prague to compose an opera for the coronation of Leopold II there. The opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, was coolly received and Mozart, who was not well when he arrived in Prague, reached home suffering and disappointed.

The dejected composer now devoted his time to the completion of the *Requiem*. To his wife he confessed that he felt sure his own end was approaching and that he was writing the *Requiem* for himself. When it was too late, the nobility of Hungary began to make an effort to relieve his financial distress by guaranteeing him a yearly income. But Mozart was a sick man. He died of malignant typhus fever in December, 1791, and since there were no funds to bury him, he was lowered into a pauper's grave. To this day no one knows the spot where he lies buried.

In the thirty-five short, unhappy years of his life, Mozart wrote an almost incredible amount of music. Besides twenty operas, he penned innumerable instrumental and vocal works. He wrote symphonies, chamber music, concertos, sonatas, masses, serenades, and a host of shorter pieces. It is only when we know the astonishing ease with which Mozart composed that we can understand this enormous output.

Mozart has been aptly compared to the painter Raphael for the purity, refinement and ideal truthfulness in his work.

What wins us most with Mozart are his truly divine melodies. They bubble forth with intoxicating grace and loveliness. No composer has equaled him in spontaneity of utterance and from none has the music seemed to gush forth with less effort.

Mozart was not always gay and sparkling in his music, however. He could be earnest too. The solemn scenes in *Die Zauberflöte* have truly classic grandeur. And nothing could be more impressive than the superb *Jupiter* symphony.

But serenity and joyousness were the predominating characteristics of Mozart's music. What could be more delightful than the merry goings on of Papageno and Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte*? Indeed, this fairy tale opera is an unalloyed masterpiece from its overture to the happy end.

Whether it is the intrigues of the *Marriage of Figaro*, the naive happenings of *Così fan tutte* or the serio-comic events of *Don Giovanni* that Mozart is portraying, his music invariably suits the action. Perhaps his most exalted music is that of the *Requiem*. Here the premonition of his approaching end seems to have lent him transcending insight into the darkness and terror as well as into the consoling peace of death. Nowhere is his genius more glowing and pure. We do not have to go to the opera house or concert hall to have these beauties revealed to us. The great *Jupiter* and G minor symphonies, the lovely string quartets and quintets and numerous operatic arias and overtures too have been put on records, which are bound to enlarge the circle of Mozart's admirers.



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KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

But there are human characters, too, in "Bender Barges In"

Tad of the Heart Seven

(Continued from page 9)

Wouldn't old Battle be surprised to see her? She clapped him on the back, said in a gruff and deep voice like the boy she so closely resembled, "Well, old-timer, what's the chance to bum a ride?"

The man straightened up. Tad was the one to be surprised; for it was not the genial, pipe-smoking, parchment-skinned old Battle, but another man about his age, a man with shifty black eyes and ugly teeth. He scowled as he answered, "Nothing doing, Bud, unless you got the fare."

"Fare? Why—" muttered Tad, taken aback by the strange figure.

"If you haven't the money, you don't ride," he repeated grimly. Tad noticed then that his lip was swollen and it looked as though he might have had a tooth pulled.

She saw that neither a smile nor coercion would be successful. So she turned and hurried back to the general store to borrow the fare from Elm Jones.

"Say, Elm, where in the world is Battle?" she asked. "And who is this frosty squid driving the stage?"

Elm Jones left the Mexican herder he was waiting on. "Tad, there's something funny about it," he said in a low voice. "Old Battle has disappeared. And this fellow showed up the day he disappeared and they gave him the job."

"Disappeared," breathed Tad, her hand poised in the act of filling her pockets with gingersnaps.

"You know how every now and then old Battle took streaks of bragging—"

"Yes," admitted Tad honestly.

"Well," went on Elmwood Jones, "You see, this one night he was feeling 'volupshus', as the cowboys say, and he kept bragging about the valuable things he packed back and forth on the stage. 'Why,' he says, 'it's an everyday occurrence for me to have something right there on the seat with me that's valued at five thousand dollars. And another thing,' he says, 'a lot of you smart folks will be surprised to find there's money in these hills right under your noses only you wasn't smart enough to know it. And I was.' That's what he says, Tad, and—" Elm Jones paused impressively. "And the very next day, which was just two days ago, the stage came galloping in, hell-bent for election, and no old Battle sitting in the seat—"

"Why he must have been held up—maybe hurt!"

"We got out a searching party and followed the road from here clear to Topaz, but there wasn't a sign of him. He was there when he passed the Half-way House and changed horses." Elm Jones spoke even lower. "There's some saying that he absconded—guess you know what that means, having been to that high class school?—they say he absconded with them valuables he was toting and bragging about."

"It's a lie," said Tad loyally. "I know old Battle—"

Just then there was a rattle and a clank. The stage was coming down the street. It looked as though this new driver were afraid he might have a passenger, for he was starting a few minutes ahead of the scheduled time, and he was driving fast.

One of Tad's hands crammed the small

Nuisance into her generous lumberjack pocket; the other hand wadded a handful of gingersnaps in another. In the same moment Tad slipped out the side door and stood at the corner where the stage would pass.

It swung past and Tad caught a glimpse of the satisfied smirk on the driver's face. Tad gave a running leap and caught hold of the boot projecting out in back for extra luggage.

For perhaps a mile as the stage bumped and lurched over the uneven and winding trail, Tad hung onto the boot by wrapping her feet around the under rod; then she slowly unwrapped herself and managed, not without a bump or two on her head and chest, to squirm into a slightly easier position. She stealthily pushed the crate of hens over to give her a little more room.

"There we are, Jack in the Hole," she muttered and let Nuisance climb out of her pocket. "I didn't mean to squeeze you out of shape," she apologized as the stage rocked and swayed.

Indeed the stage was going at an amazing rate. Every now and then Tad could hear the crack of the whip. There was no



necessity for such speed. Old Battle always kept the schedule, driving at an even trot.

They were in rough, broken country now. This country with its scarred heaps of what had once been "prospectors' diggings" always filled Tad with a vague regret. So many high hopes had gone dead. Ben, the brother of old Battle, and a friend of her father's, had been a disappointed miner.

Ben had died at the Heart Seven ranch and because Pat Lafferty had befriended him all through his life, he had left him the land with the mine which had yielded so niggardly.

Pat Lafferty had never had the mining fever. It was he who named the mine "Lost Hope." "Sure, we'd better be pinning our dreams to long-horned cattle—they're a bit more substantial than this fairy stuff in the ground."

And then slowly but surely these last few years the bottom had dropped out of the cattle market. Last fall Pat Lafferty had smiled grimly and said to his cowhands, "We'll have to hold the critters over. Bless my chilblains, if I can afford to give them away." He had fed them during a hard, snowy winter. And still the market report resembled, as Pat Lafferty aptly said, a thermometer in coldest Iceland.

"Never you mind, Pat Lafferty," Tad

had said—Tad always called her father Pat Lafferty, much to the disgust of the more conventional Eugenia—"we'll weather through somehow till the market starts going up."

But Eugenia was not the weather-through kind, and though Pat Lafferty could be gruff and grim in his treatment of men, he was always indulgent to his motherless daughters. Eugenia could wheedle him out of anything.

Yes, the Heart Seven was having a hard struggle of it. And then at remembrance of her Wonderful Idea and the two spinster ladies waiting to come out and board at the ranch, Tad felt a glow of delight.

Her thoughts were rudely interrupted by a shrill and angry bark from Nuisance. His defiance was voiced at a speckled hen with an impudently wagging comb. The hen had wriggled her head through a crack in the crate and pecked at Nuisance.

Did the stage driver hear him? Tad waited breathlessly and ducked lower onto the boot. Yes, he evidently had, for there was a creaking of the stage as he yanked the four horses to a stop.

The driver was muttering profanely as he came stamping around to the back of the stage. He gave Tad no chance to speak, but grabbed her roughly by the arm, pulled her off, and fairly threw her into the middle of the rocky road. "I told you," he snarled, "that I wasn't carrying any bums on this stage." At the same time he caught up the little dog and banged him out with such force that the little black and white body went spinning over and over, before, with a startled and pained yelp, he was able to catch his balance and land on his feet.

This was too much for Tad's red hair and Irish temper. "You big bully!" she said, and planted a clenched fist in the man's stomach. He reeled for a minute, and then with a puffing exclamation of, "I'll show you how I treat tramps," he shook her roughly by the shoulders. Then his heavy boot planted a forceful kick on the corduroy knickers. Tad felt her feet slip from under her and she landed sprawling in the gravel road.

In another moment he had mounted to his high seat, and the stage went rattling on.

For a few moments Tad sat there in the rough road rubbing her stinging hands together. Absently, yet tenderly, she petted and soothed the little dog that crept whimpering to her side.

Tad sat on, blinking angry tears out of her blue eyes. Back in Slow Water she had thought the stage driver's refusal merely unobliging and taciturn. She had even thought he had had a tooth pulled and was feeling cross and uncharitable and had taken her for a tramp. But now Tad sensed more than that—something grim and sinister; yes, some reason of his own why the driver had wanted to ride alone through this rough country.

Tad leaped to her feet. "Come on, Hungry, let's scramble up that high cliff and watch him as far as we can."

She hurried as fast as she could, for, at the rate the driver was crowding his four horses, (Continued on page 38)

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FIRST • Solve the cipher message printed in the circle. To help you, Hood has prepared a thrilling book called "Secret Writing." It explains how to solve many kinds of ciphers. Send for this free book.

SECOND • When you have solved the cipher message, read it over carefully. Then read the 5 Hood Points in the box. You will find that the message contains two or more "key" words which also appear in one of the Hood Points. Find which Point!

THIRD • Now write a paragraph of not more than 100 words telling why you think this Hood Point is important in a good canvas shoe. Send your paragraph and your solution of the cipher to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass. Write your name, address, age and choice of the first

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
Choice of: 1. Magnan Tennis Racquet. 2. Ingersoll Mite Wrist Watch. 3. Agfa Ansco Vest Pocket Camera. 4. Daisy Air Rifle. 5. Wear Ever Aluminum Camp Kit. 6. Wear Ever Canteen. 7. Blue Bear Archery Set. 8. Spalding Swimming Suit. 9. Octigan Pitching Shoes. 10. Dinky Link Obstacle Golf Set.

and second prizes at the top of each sheet. The prizes will be awarded for the best paragraphs plus the correct solution of the cipher. Answers must be mailed by JULY 15th.

(Prizes will be presented in August)
[Winners will be listed in the October magazine]



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Tad of the Heart Seven

(Continued from page 36)

they would soon be out of the foothills.


At length, flushed and out of breath, Tad reached the top of one of the highest sloping foothills. From this vantage point she could look out over the plains that lay below. She could see part of the stage road, winding like a ribbon around curves and through gullies. Finally she saw the stage far beneath her.

"He's right there at our Lost Hope land," she thought aloud. The stage drew up at the side of the road, stopped. The driver got out. Tad strained her eyes, wished ardently for a pair of field glasses; for he was leaving the road on foot, walking off toward the old Lost Hope mine. She saw him stooping and examining some of the soil or rocks.

Although from this distance he was just a thin streak, like a pencil mark, Tad had the feeling that he was watching, hesitating, as though he expected someone.

He had been expecting someone! Tad saw a gray horse and rider join him. The rider dismounted and the two worked together picking up something off the ground. "The soup grows thicker," Tad muttered to Nuisance who was diligently licking his bruised spots. "What business has a stage driver stopping on our Lost Hope land? I *sabe* now why he raced the horses all the way—gives him a little more time for his pow-wow. I'm trying to think who rides a gray horse around here."

At length the driver retraced his steps to the waiting stage. He climbed in. Tad saw it start and travel onward with the jerky speed of horses already over-tired and winded.

Tad followed the direction of it with her eyes. The chimney and part of the roof of the log house there at the point called Half-way were barely visible. Half-way House lay just thirteen miles between the two towns, Slow Water and Topaz. Any Heart Seven mail from Slow Water was always left there at Half-way in the mail box that was marked with the sign .

There would be fresh horses in the corral and the stage horses would be unhitched and turned into a near-by pasture. Esteban, a lazy trapper, lived at the log house at Half-way and cared for the stage horses, and eked out a sorry living by trapping—sometimes capturing wolves or coyotes with a bounty on them.

Esteban's daughter, Fanella, a big-eyed, lonely, timid girl, lived there, too.

Tad finally got to her feet. Her hair was mussed and her cheeks flame red from the April wind, but she was tired. Her head ached from the numerous thumps on it when she stole her ride and hung onto the projecting and wobbly boot.

She was hollow and hungry, but there was nothing she could do but to trudge on to Half-way, though it was a good three miles with the road winding in and out. She would get her bridle and saddle there and see if she couldn't whistle to her own Josephus bronco who was in the Heart Seven pasture below.

Tad squinted up at the sun, which was already low in the sky, and hitched her belt a little tighter. Suddenly little Nuisance

Who is the young man Tad finds in the woods—what part does he play in the new serial?—

stopped, lifted an inquiring black nose. At the same time Tad's freckled nose puckered. "Bacon," she ejaculated delightedly, "frying bacon and wood-smoke or I'm a soapweed blossom! Let's follow our noses, Wordless."

The scent led them off the road and up a winding gully. They could see the smoke now. "Somebody that doesn't know much about building a fire," thought Tad, for at first she could scarcely see the person near the fire for the cloud of smoke that rolled up and away from the piled-together twigs.

But in another minute, when the smoke decided to veer off in another direction, she saw a young man in torn and mussed and dusty clothes. His hands and face were blackened and smudged and his eyes were red.

"Hello, Vagabond King," greeted Tad. "You really don't need that much smoke to cook bacon. It's already smoked."

He looked up and smiled ruefully. "Say, Buddy, how do you get a fire to burn and

how do you hold a skillet over it without burning your hand and arm to the elbow?"

Tad laughed gaily. "Don't call me Buddy. The last person who took me for a boy sent me sprawling in the middle of the road. My name is Theodora Margaret Laferty, but I answer to the name of Tad. Bring your skillet of bacon and come on up here. Your fire is built wrong, it's in the wrong place for the wind, and you've got the wrong kind of wood—"

"But outside of that it's all right, isn't it?" he asked whimsically.

Tad looked at him keenly as he got to his feet. She saw that he had a gun strapped on under his sweater; she saw that the lines in his face were weary and discouraged. She noticed, too, that he kept starting at every sound, that he continually glanced about him nervously.

Who was "Vagabond King" and what was it that made him so uneasy? Read the next instalment in the July AMERICAN GIRL.

Why Poetry?

(Continued from page 20)

standingly, with a pleasing well-placed voice, and due regard for punctuation and pronunciation. It is really very difficult to find good readers of poetry today. Few poets read their own poems well.

Today groups of people are meeting everywhere to read and discuss poetry, and reading aloud from the masters is a healing and heartening thing. You young people who long to ally yourselves with this lovely and gracious art, read Milton's matchless sonnet on his blindness; walk the English lanes with Chaucer, and follow the wings of the skylark with Shelley. Steep yourselves in the works of the giants of thought and music; study their choice of words, their rhythms, their subjects; try to discover why they chose a particular meter; analyse the long line and the short and note the reason for their use; learn as much as you can about sonnets, both old and modern.

Shakespeare's and Edna St. Vincent Millay's would serve as glamorous examples. Get Helen Louise Cohen's *Lyric Forms from France*, and make yourselves familiar with the charm of the old French forms of verse that Austin Dobson used so beautifully. Practice these difficult and intriguing patterns.

Do you know that magical book by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill, *The Winged Horse*? If not, you have a feast before you. Then there is *The Winged Horse Anthology* with enough music in it to last a lifetime. Browse among Emily Dickinson's collected poems; turn back to Christina Rossetti's exquisite singing; and, best of all, go to the Bible! Read aloud the psalms of King David, and the Song of Songs which is Solomon's, then you will realize that rhyme is unnecessary for beauty. Get down to elemental things—infuse your work with their strength—have something real to say, and say it with the best that is in you. Sincerity never fails to make friends.

Never be afraid to feel deeply. Wordsworth tells us that "all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings", and I read somewhere only the other day, that "It is true that poetry of all kinds must always begin with feeling in the mind and soul of the poet, and end with feeling in

the emotional nature of the reader, for only as the poet feels, can he make poetry, and only as the reader has feeling aroused, does he come to know what poetry really is."

I have referred before to the music in poetry, and I cannot stress that point too much. Poems should be essentially music. Music has its definite forms, and poetry has also, and there is a pulsing beat achieved through the combining of the right words that makes poetry music. There is a remarkable book called *The Musical Basis of Verse* by J. P. Dabney, that I hope you will all read. It is a scientific study of the principles of poetic composition. Mr. Dabney says "In the beginning, out of the mists of time, hand in hand, came those twin sisters of art, music and verse. Man, in the exuberant infancy of the race, instinctively danced, and as he danced he sang. The rhythm of his lips gave the rhythm to his foot, and the rhythm of his foot gave the rhythm to his lips; the two interchangeably linked. Thus was the birth of literature in music."

There is much pure and significant poetry written by the American Indian. You will be amazed and deeply stirred by its stark loveliness. Max Eastman in his *Enjoyment of Poetry* refers to it in this way—"Perhaps the intrinsic nature and motive of all poetic utterance is most clearly proven in the spontaneous answer of one of these Indians when he was asked 'How do you make your songs?' 'When I am herding my sheep,' he said, 'or away in the fields, and I see something that I like—then I sing about it.'"

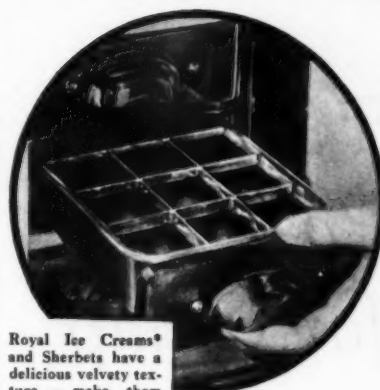
So may we too sing about the things we see and feel and think over when we are quiet and alone. Let us be simple and sincere and fearless in the words we put on paper; and when anyone asks us "Why poetry?" let us reply because poetry is one of the most ancient and important arts; because singing is necessary in this matter-of-fact world; and because there is great joy to be had in the doing. For who of us does not long to say with Leonora Speyer:

Measure me, sky!

Tell me I reach by a song

Nearer the stars;

I have been little so long.



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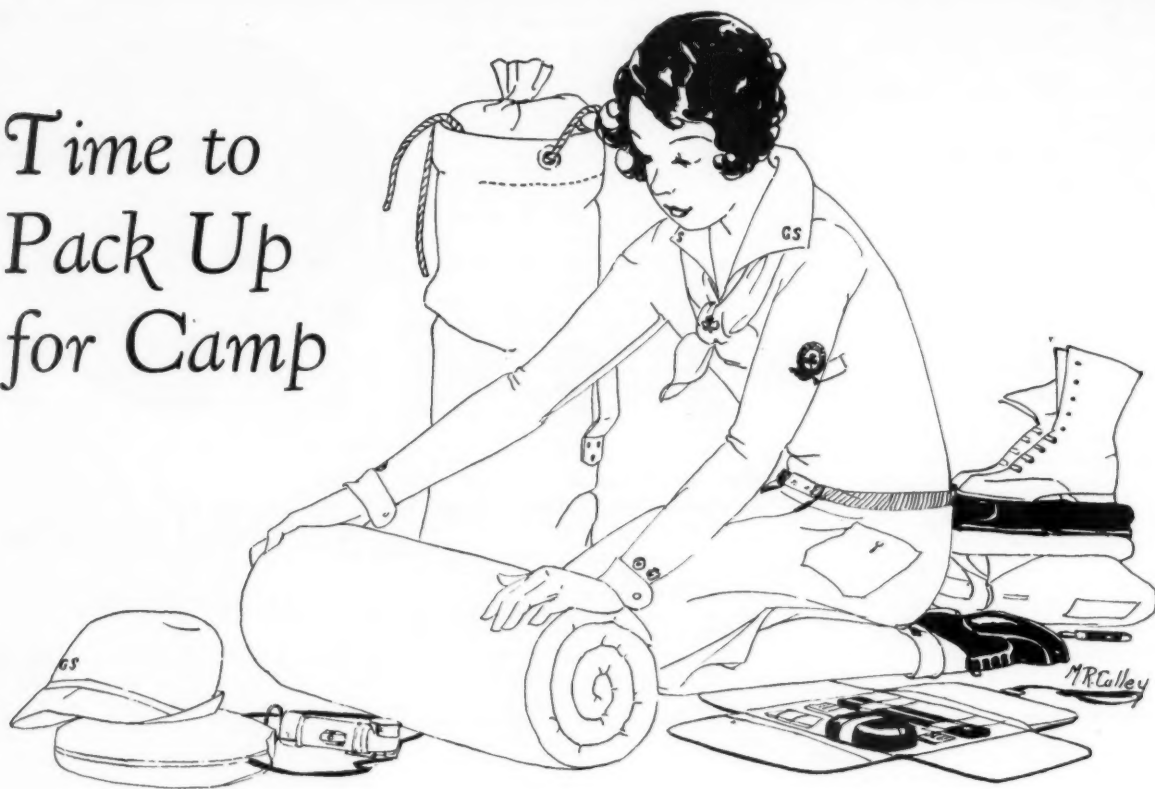
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Awards in the Book Contest

OUR readers like books. We know that from the number of girls who entered the contest held by THE AMERICAN GIRL and the National High School Awards for the best essay on "The three books I have most enjoyed." It was rather difficult for the judges to choose which one was to receive the first prize. There were so many good ones. But finally the award of fifty dollars was given to Audrey M. Long of Baltimore, Maryland. Her essay is clearly thought out and written with a great deal of imagination and humor.

The second prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to Margaret Rotschaefer of Holland, Michigan, and the third prize, ten dollars, to Mary Louise Sheridan of St. Joseph, Missouri.

Audrey Long's essay follows:

"*Peter Pan* is the first book I remember considering my favorite and whenever I think of it, I think of the entire happy period that Peter more than anyone else influenced. The first time I read it, I adored it and the frequent rereadings that followed only made it nearer. Being a rather lonesome child and having a painfully vivid imagination, I soon came to look on Peter and Wendy as personal friends and I hated Captain Hook with a real and deadly imagination. I knew the Never-Never Land and the Mermaid's Lagoon far better than the multiplication table and once (now, at sixteen, I blush to think of it!) a butterfly brushed against my hand and left some golden-y pollen that I mistook for 'fairy dust!' I had told Frances, aged seven, all about Peter, and as she was with me I put some pollen on her hand too and, right in the field behind my house, we tried to fly! Of course, the flight was a failure but it showed my sincerity.

About a month later I saw *Peter Pan* as a movie. When Peter asked all the children to clap, I clapped until my hands tingled. On leaving the theatre, I seriously considered a voyage to England where I could meet Wendy's daughter and have her introduce me to Peter when spring-cleaning time came! Later on, after cutting all my second teeth and experiencing growing-pains, I drifted apart from the Never-Never Land, forgot the exact furnishings of the Underground Home, and the number of Lost Boys in Peter's gallant band. Now I'm far too old to reenter this first paradise, but, to this very day, I have never said, "I don't believe in fairies," for fear of causing a death in fairyland.

The next four or five years after I outgrew my friendship with fairies, I changed in many ways. My favorite heroes, instead of riding milk-white chargers and slaying dragons as of old, now marched on foot at the head of devil-may-care troops, planted flags on the enemy's fortress, and died in a rather conspicuous blaze of glory "for God, for Country, and for Her!" This type of hero always had a tragic past which he was fighting to forget, and had renounced the one great love of his life with a great deal of gallantry and noble unselfishness. He fought only for lost causes and against great odds. What better ideal of this type could I have than *Beau Geste*? Immediately I became as enthralled with the Geste brothers and the French Foreign Legion as I had formerly been with the Never-Never Land. My ideal virtue was coolness in the face of danger and I then and there decided that brotherly-love is the worthwhile type of affection. Of course, I read all the books that I could find about the Foreign Legion

and (with an eye to my future enlistment) I began to study French and memorized the *Marseillaise*. I couldn't start learning to drill until I left home but I could at least copy Beau's devotion to his brothers. I therefore began to plague my older half-brothers with long letters they hadn't time to read and all sorts of attentions they didn't want. The map of North Africa on my globe was disfigured with dotted trails and heavy pencil marks around the names of certain forts, and my note books were decorated with futuristic sketches of camels and blue-coated legionnaires.

Mother once asked me if I thought the Legion had become coeducational and I coldly replied that I intended to cut my hair and enlist as a man. The next time someone asked: "And what does your dear little girl want to do when she is grown?" Mother sweetly replied, "We haven't decided yet but she wants to join the Foreign Legion!" Of course I was furious at this treachery but we finally made up. By that time everyone teased me so that I became tired of everything connected with the Legion and gradually ceased to scour newspaper editorials on French North Africa. So much for the military period of my existence.

At present I am wild about Conrad's books, especially *The Rescue* and *Lord Jim* and love the slow-moving, mysterious plots. The effects of this on my tastes are, to date: (a) A violent yearning for the South Seas; (b) A determination to buy a boat if I am ever able to afford anything more expensive than a canoe. Naturally I now think that my tastes and ideas have changed for the last time, but by next year I will probably have another favorite author. If I should read Andrée's diary I might suddenly yearn for the frozen North, cultivate a liking for whale-blubber, and decide to marry an Eskimo. Who knows what the future holds in store? At least, I have faithfully told the effects of my past favorites on my life as well as on that of my long-suffering family, and I sincerely hope that if I ever cut any wisdom teeth, they bring me some common sense."

In addition to the three individual prizes, silver cups were presented to the schools attended by the first and second national prize winners, and a cup was awarded for the best essay from each state. The state winners are:

Mittie Hill, Brent, Alabama; Betsy Clark, Phoenix, Arizona; Ruth Farmer, Clarksville, Arkansas; Julia Claire Curren, Fresno, California; Marian Dunlevy, Grand Junction, Colorado; Betty Jean Harvey, Manchester, Connecticut; Margaret Bryan, Gainesville, Florida; Gertrude Jones, Savannah, Georgia; Maxine Archart, Kellogg, Idaho; Helen Katherine Collins, Evanston, Illinois; Mary Snow Carter, Bloomington, Indiana; Robert Downing, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Dorothy Clendenen, Hiawatha, Kansas; Ina Hayes, Ashland, Kentucky; Helen Shea, Lake Charles, Louisiana; Ruth M. Rowe, Lewiston, Maine; Emma Lodge, Sudlersville, Maryland; Bertice Mary Andrews, Worcester, Massachusetts; Kate Youngs, Iron River, Michigan; Genevieve Larson, Austin, Minnesota; Ruth Ashley, Clinton, Mississippi; Esther Koch, St. Louis, Missouri; Mary Almas, Havre, Montana; Dorothy Kline, Lincoln, Nebraska; Eleanor Krauss, Manchester, New Hampshire; Marian L. Wright, Short Hills, New Jersey; Ruthe Parker, Mountainair, New Mexico; Naomi Bartnoff, Syracuse, New York; Louise Miller, Shelby, North Carolina; Mary E. Brody, Richardson, North Dakota; Virginia P. Pearce, Toledo, Ohio; Charlene Muns, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Marion Jones, Salem, Oregon; Elinor Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mary Louise Bartlett, Providence, Rhode Island; Sue Tyler Jopling, Lancaster, South Carolina; Margaret Cressey, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Betty Manning, Nashville, Tennessee; Lucille Scott, San Antonio, Texas; Marguerite Fonesbeck, Logan, Utah; Margaret Ann Kent, Rutland, Vermont; Mildred Hanley, Rosnoke, Virginia; Annie C. Rode-maker, Tacoma, Washington; Esther Chrisman, Buckhannon, West Virginia; Mary Louise Mackay, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Betty Hyde, Buffalo, Wyoming; Harrison Heen, Honolulu, Hawaii.



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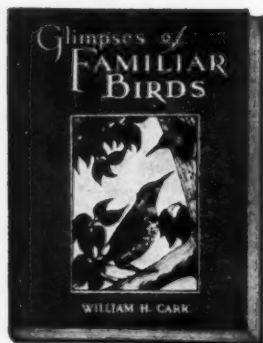
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Books for That Girl Graduate

THERE are two kinds of books which will be especially welcomed on that occasion eagerly anticipated by many girls—that day of diplomas bestowed, of proud and perspiring relatives, sometimes of medals and realized dreams, of white gowns and eager plans for the future. One kind is a fine edition of an old favorite; the other is a new book, introducing us to fresh scenes and new characters. For the convenience of those of you who write to ask prices of books, I shall list them before discussing them.

First let us consider books for those graduating from grammar school, and then for the high school graduates. Of course, these little lists are just fractions of fractions of the many selections you might make, and therefore their advantage is that they will undoubtedly suggest many more books to you.

For the high school graduates. Of course, these little lists are just fractions of fractions of the many selections you might make, and therefore their advantage is that they will undoubtedly suggest many more books to you.

Books for Younger Girls

Two Penniless Princesses by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan)

The Prince and the Pauper by Mark Twain (Harper)

Jeremy by Hugh Walpole (Grosset and Dunlap)

Once There Was and Was Not by Beatrice and George Dane (Doubleday, Doran)

Buckaroo by Fjeril Hess (Macmillan)

Joan of Arc by Mabel Dodge Holmes (John C. Winston Company)

I don't know whether Charlotte M. Yonge is an old friend in a new dress to you, but make her one, quickly, if she is not! Her story, *The Two Penniless Princesses*, introduces us to one of the most colorful and picturesque of periods—that of the troubadours and tournaments of France. From poverty-stricken but dauntless Scotland come two princesses, Jean and Eleanor. Realistically Miss Yonge pictures the contrast between them—Jean the vain but lovable beauty, always a favorite in the royal society of which intimate

glimpses are given us, and Eleanor, studious, artistic, lost to the world when she is playing on her harp or examining an illuminated book. They are as wilful and impetuous as any girls of today, and the curbing hand of Dame Isabel is reminiscent of the attitude of any devoted and loving grown-up, as she travels with them from the frowning hills of Scotland toward France.

The Prince and the Pauper is so familiar that it's scarcely necessary to recall it to you. In this lovely edition, with many illustrations by W. Hetherell, both in color and black and white, one follows with reawakened absorption the famous story of how the beggar boy became king, and of how the rightful king in his adventurous wanderings learned more about his kingdom than years on the throne would have taught him.

Jeremy by Hugh Walpole has the distinction of being illustrated by Ernest Sheppard, the artist who helped make Christopher Robin famous in pictures as Milne did in words. I wonder if there is another story which gives us more clearly the feelings and experiences of an English boy and his two sisters growing up in a small town. Absolutely real is *Jeremy's* birthday, his thrilling encounter with the burglar, the accounts of the trials he and his sisters put upon their governess, the uncle who takes *Jeremy* to the pantomime though he is in disgrace, and the pantomime itself, so different from anything we have in America and taking place before our eyes as truly as though we were before the curtain instead of the printed page.

Of the newer books, *Buckaroo* is one about a girl of today—a college graduate who goes to a Nevada ranch in Big Smoky Valley, to teach school. Lynn Garrow loves horses and is very happy to be among the cowboys and ranchers. She helps build the tiny schoolhouse with her own hands, and attends a dance with more beaux than one girl can possibly handle. Her energy leads to the discovery of gold in a mine owned by the very family with whom she is liv-

Ethel Cook Eliot has written a thrilling three-part mystery for you, beginning in July—

ing, and her understanding makes the lives of the community richer and fuller. Such is her courage and daring on horseback that she is christened "Buckaroo", and there are spirited pictures of horses and of various phases of ranch life throughout the story.

Once There Was and Was Not will appeal to girls who love fairy tales, and is a brand-new collection. It is not at all difficult to obey the direction, "Now you must think and believe, and believe and think," which runs throughout the story of *The Sad Princess*—that princess "as tender, graceful and white as the snow, and as pretty as the sunshine." These stories are so fine, and the manner of their telling so original, that they are equally appropriate for the older as well as for the younger girls. Not the least attractive part of the book is the collection of poems at the end.

Joan of Arc presents to us the great French heroine in a series of intimate pictures of her tragic career. Her story is told in fiction form and yet is true to the principal events of her life. We feel very much at home with her and her chum Herviette, with her simple and busy village life, and, after a time, with the "Voices" who visit her and whose counsel she implicitly follows. So naturally and powerfully are they presented, that it seems inevitable they should lead her to the Dauphin, to battle after battle, and finally to chains and martyrdom. In celebration of the five hundredth celebration of Joan's birth, the story has been given gala dress, with many illustrations by Edwin James Prittie.

Books for Older Girls

The Yeoman of the Guard, by W. S.

Gilbert (Macmillan)

Peter Ibbetson, by George Du Maurier (Harper)

Sophie, by Frances R. Sterett (Penn Publishing Company)

My Story, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Farrar and Rinehart)

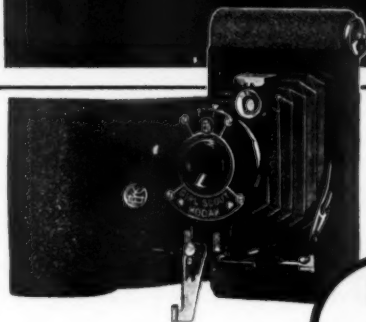
Florence Nightingale, by Irene Cooper Willis (Coward-McCann)

Ladybrook, by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes)

Very little comment need be made upon the libretto of any opera by those two beloved collaborators, Gilbert and Sullivan. This one, *The Yeoman of the Guard*, is one of Gilbert's gayest and most spirited, great fun to chant in a canoe or on a hike. The colored illustrations are again by W. Russell Flint. *Peter Ibbetson* is an old favorite which requires equally little comment. This graceful and pathetic story of two lovers, who meet chiefly in their dreams, was chosen by Deems Taylor as the theme of his opera, which was produced during the past winter at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

Now we come to a book with which I am so much impressed that I feel sure there isn't a girl who, having once started it, will be able to put it down. *Sophie*, by Frances R. Sterett, is the story of a girl whose parents are Swedish immigrants and who, from her early childhood, is taunted with the hated epithets "white-headed Swede" or "hunky" or something she finds equally insulting and infuriating. Sophie is a clever girl, unusually so, courageous and independent and, when the opportunity comes to move away (Continued on page 48)

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Don't miss it! If you're not on "The American Girl" list, get on through the fifty-cent offer!



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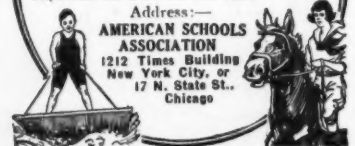
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When Prom Time Comes

(Continued from page 11)

held high on the top of her spine, a girl can make practically any dress look chic.

Of course, a boy always expects a girl to do the social honors. He is usually at his worst in the party atmosphere. It is well for a girl to be friendly and natural and to put him at ease by being at ease herself. She must be prepared to do most of the talking until the boy gets his stride—pleasant, easy conversation, not about herself, of course.

On arriving at the place where the dance is given, the girl leaves her coat in the ladies' dressing room and the boy leaves his in the men's. The boy meets the girl outside of her dressing room and together they go down the receiving line to greet their hosts and hostesses, guests of honor, patronesses, and all the many varieties of celebrities that make up a receiving line. When a girl takes a boy to a prom or any other dance, she precedes him down the receiving line, and presents him to the hostess or patronesses if he does not already know them. After the last dance, the guests go down the receiving line again to say goodnight.

It is well to remember these seven deadly sins in dancing and to avoid them:

1. Don't lean on your partner.
2. Don't try to lead him or teach him.
3. Don't look at your feet.
4. Don't breathe in his face; keep your head over his right shoulder.
5. Don't stiffen. Relax so you are easy to lead. This especially applies to your shoulders, arms and hands.
6. Don't hold onto your partner at all. He holds onto you.
7. Don't criticize your partner, no matter what mistakes he makes.

At a prom to which a girl is taking a boy she will see that his dance card is filled, arranging exchange dances beforehand with other girls. She should dance the first dance, the supper dance, and the last dance with him. A boy taking a girl to a prom fills her dance card beforehand, keeping the first, last and supper dances and perhaps one or two others for himself. After each dance the boy returns the girl to her original escort and finds the next partner for his own girl.

A boy always thanks a girl for a dance no matter how short. She can simply smile her "you're welcome" or if he is very enthusiastic she can say, "I enjoyed it, too."

Grooming on Time

(Continued from page 15)

Sometimes it's the way she does her hair. Sometimes it's her voice. Sometimes, lucky girl, it's a combination of several such qualities which makes a girl seem charming.

Most of the contributing causes turn out to be rather simple and also well within the reach of the average girl who really wants them. And this convinces me that good looks is a hobby which any girl might do well to take up in a serious way.

Editor's Note: Don't forget to look for the results of the "When Is a Girl Good Looking?" Contest on this page next month.

When moving day comes remember THE AMERICAN GIRL
—and send your new address to this office at once. The post office will NOT forward magazines and we cannot supply back copies if you have missed certain numbers because you neglected to notify us of your change of address.

The answer to "When Is a Girl Good Looking?" will be printed next month—

Vegetables Green and New

(Continued from page 25)

and peas and beans, for we do like them.

When peas are cooked alone, they should be shelled and washed. A tablespoon of butter is put in the pot and the peas put in, with just a little water, not enough even to come to the top. The peas, when very young and tender, are cooked for one-half hour. By the time they are done the water should have disappeared entirely. A little more butter is added and a teaspoon of salt for every quart of peas. When the butter is melted a little cream is added and allowed to come to a boil, and then they are ready to serve. Beans, peas, and carrots are delicious when cooked in this way.

Little carrots may be sliced and put in first and allowed to cook five or ten minutes before the peas are added.

For supper very often vegetable cream soup is nice. There are many varieties.

Even if you don't like spinach, cream of spinach soup may be simply delicious. It is good served in bowls, with grated cheese sprinkled over the top and with three or four cubes of toasted bread added.

What is often a favorite dish because it is easy to make, because none of the food value is lost, and because it tastes so good, is vegetable chowder. This is the recipe:

Vegetable Chowder

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1/4 pound salt pork | 1 cup lima beans |
| 2 onions | 1 cup tomatoes |
| 2 potatoes | 1 teaspoon sugar |
| 8 carrots | 1/2 cup rice |
| 1 bunch celery | 2 quarts water |

Cut up the salt pork in dice. There should be about one-half cup. Put it in a good sized saucepan—I like an iron pot myself—and try out until the scraps are crisp and brown. In the meantime or even before, peel and cut the onions in thin slices, the potatoes in quarters or dice, the celery in inch strips, the carrots which should be little new ones, in half, lengthwise. Add these to the fat in the pan and toss lightly until a nice light golden brown. Then add the lima beans, the tomatoes, the sugar, salt, rice and water. Cook until the vegetables are tender.

Then it is nice to learn to cook some of the old vegetables new ways. Here are three ways of using potatoes:

Potatoes Au Gratin

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 cups cold boiled potatoes | 3/4 cup grated cheese |
| 1 1/2 cups thin white sauce | 3/4 cup buttered crumbs |

Make the thin white sauce. Cut the potatoes in thin slices or dice them. Grate the cheese and butter the crumbs. Put a layer of the potatoes in a fireproof dish that can be brought to the table. Cover with a layer of sauce and then one of cheese. Continue until potatoes, sauce, and cheese are used up. Cover with buttered crumbs. Put in the oven until potatoes are heated through. This makes a very delicious and popular dish (Continued on page 46)



Girl Scouts—let us pay for your outfit!

WHAT a thrill you'd get stepping out there in front of the troop in full uniform, with your equipment all complete. It would make Mother and Dad mighty proud of you, too.

And it's the easiest thing in the world to do now that you can get your whole outfit—even those little extras you never expected to own—absolutely free!

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Remember to pack Libby's Evaporated Milk on your next hike!

If you'll clip the coupon below and mail it, we'll start you off on this plan with a free certificate worth 10 large Libby labels. And we'll send you our premium catalog, which offers every bit of official equipment, except insignia and badges of merit.

Pick out what you want and begin saving for it now, so that you'll have it in time for the summer activities!

In some places there are laws against premiums. This label redemption offer is not good where such laws are in effect.

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Do You Ever Turn Back?

Whether you do or don't, you will turn back this time when you hear that on page 38 there is a handy coupon which is easy to fill out and which, when accompanied by a check or money-order, will bring you THE AMERICAN GIRL for five, twelve or twenty-four months, as you desire. Turn to page 38 immediately!

Vegetables Green and New

(Continued from page 45)

and is so easy to prepare that your family will find it on the menu very often, once you have tried it.

Baked Mashed Potatoes

6 potatoes 1/4—1/2 cup cream
3 tablespoons butter 1/3 cup grated cheese
1/4—1/2 cup milk salt and pepper

Boil the potatoes in salted water. (Mealy or starchy potatoes are better for this than the waxy kind.) Heat the milk and butter. The amount of milk will depend on the dryness of the potatoes; so add gradually, heating the potatoes, until they are light and fluffy. Pile them on a fireproof baking dish. Whip the cream. Spread this on top and then sprinkle with grated cheese. Put in the oven until the cheese melts.

If you like, you can arrange the potato in a ring and fill the center with buttered peas, spinach, string beans, or carrots.

Duchess Potatoes

2 cups mashed potatoes 2 egg yolks
1/3 cup hot milk 2 egg whites
2 tablespoons melted butter salt and pepper

Add the hot milk and melted butter to the mashed potatoes and beat until light and fluffy. Season to taste. Beat up the egg yolks and beat into the potatoes. Heat gem pans and grease. While hot, fill with potato, put in a hot oven and brown. Remove, turn them out. Serve at once. Use these potato muffins as a border for hamburger steak on rounds of fried pineapple.

Peas and Onions

2 tablespoons butter 1/2 teaspoon sugar
1 dozen tiny white onions 1 teaspoon salt
4 cups green peas 1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup water 3 tablespoons cream

Put the butter in a saucepan. Add the peeled onions, peas, sugar, and salt. Cook until tender and the water has all evaporated. Add the cream and pepper and let come to the boiling point.

Cauliflower de Luxe

1 small head cauliflower 3/4 cup buttered crumbs
3/4 cup grated cheese 1 cup carrots or peas
salt

Wash the cauliflower. Cut off the leaves except the young tender ones next the flowers, but keep it whole. Have a pot of boiling salted water. Allow one teaspoon salt to each quart of water. There should be enough water to cover the cauliflower. Put in the cauliflower, but do not cover the pot, for turnips, cauliflower, cabbage, and onions, all of which are known as the strong-juiced vegetables, should be cooked uncovered; the flavor is more delicate than when cooked in a covered pot, and the strong odor that is associated with these

vegetables does not develop. Cook until tender. It is very easy to overcook cauliflower. Ten, twenty, or thirty minutes is enough. The time varies with the size of the cauliflower.

While the cauliflower is cooking put a tablespoon of butter in an iron pan. When it is melted add the crumbs and stir until they are coated with the butter. Remove and mix with the grated cheese. When the cauliflower is tender, drain thoroughly, put it on a fireproof platter, sprinkle with the crumb and cheese mixture. Surround with buttered carrots or peas and set in the oven until the cheese melts and crumbs brown.

This is a delicious vegetable dish and a very attractive and colorful one as well.

Vinaigrette Sauce

3/4 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons minced piment
1 teaspoon sugar to
1/2 teaspoon mustard 6 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon minced onion 2 tablespoons minced green vinegar
2 tablespoons pepper 2 tablespoons Tarragon vinegar
paprika

Combine the ingredients in the order named. This is a delicious sauce to serve with cold cooked cauliflower or with cold asparagus. Arrange the vegetable on lettuce leaves as for salad and pour the sauce over the vegetables.

Here are some combinations for several delicious salad luncheons:

MENU I

Potato salad
Stuffed eggs
Asparagus Vinaigrette
Lettuce
Corn muffins
Jelly
Fruit
Iced tea

MENU II

Potato and cucumber salad
Sardines
Sliced tomatoes
Lettuce
Graham bread sandwiches
Beet relish
Fruit
Iced tea

MENU III

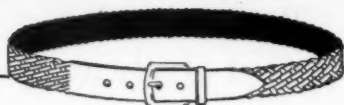
Mixed vegetable salad
Sliced cucumber and onion
Lettuce
Cheese sandwiches
Currant jelly
Fruit punch

MENU IV

Baked bean salad
Sliced tomatoes and cucumber
Shredded cabbage
Brown bread
Picallili
Iced cocoa

If you try these menus won't you let Miss Moses know how you like them? Address her care of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The "five months for fifty cents" offer is open again—this time only during June!—



COMPLETE MATERIAL AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THIS BELT WHEN PURCHASED THRU YOUR SUPPLY DEPT. COLORS DARK GREEN, DARK BLUE, RED AND BLACK **95¢**

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Laugh and Grow Scout

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Optical Illusion

The new night watchman at the observatory was watching one of the astronomers using the big telescope.

Just then a star fell. "Begorra," he said to himself, "that fella sure is a crack shot."—Sent by SALLY WILLIAMSON, Gwinn, Michigan.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



No Landscape Gardener

STRANGER (at gate): Is your mother at home?

YOUNGSTER: Of course! Do you suppose I'm mowing this lawn because the grass is long?—Sent by ISABELLE BAER, Bemidji, Minnesota.

A Sure Clue

MOTHER: Johnny, I have some good news for you.

JOHNNY (without enthusiasm): Yes, I know. Brother is home from college.

MOTHER: How did you know?

JOHNNY: My bank won't rattle any more.—Sent by JENNIE WALCZYK, Toledo, Ohio.



Only a Private Home

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked the polite book agent.

"No," she snapped.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?" "Or a Eugene Field?"

"No, no, we haven't, and what's more we don't run a boarding house. If you're looking for those fellows you might ask across the street."—Sent by ISABEL OGILVIE, New York City.

Much Obligated!



CHOLLY (to shopman): I say-aw-could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the show window for me?

SHOPMAN: Certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window any time, sir.

CHOLLY: Thanks awfully. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass. Good mawning.—Sent by CHARLOTTE ROBERTSON, Amherst, Massachusetts.

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Send in your subscription today to
THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Books for that Girl Graduate

(Continued from page 43)

from the farm in Minnesota, on which she has always lived, she moves to the city and helps make a success of a little shop and thus put herself through college. When, for the first time, she falls in love with the most popular and sought-after boy there, she is tormented by the certainty that his treatment of her arises from that old characterization of "Swede" which, despite her beauty and brilliance, has stuck to her throughout her high school and college days. How, despite this distorted idea and her frank ambition to shine in society, she is won around by a fine man of Swedish parentage to a saner point of view, makes a story which it is almost imperative to read through at one sitting.

Then there are two biographies, both so interesting that it is difficult to decide which will have the greatest appeal. As we are all especially interested in women who have made a success in modern fields, it seems to me that Mary Roberts Rinehart in *My Story* is certainly an outstanding example. Mrs. Rinehart's story is not written for girls. Yet she has so unconquerable and adventurous a spirit, so interesting a sense of proportion, that one of her strongest appeals is to those of us who are growing fast and who need a boost in a live and constructive direction. What a life she has had! A trained nurse, launching out on her profession against the wishes of her family; a wife and the mother of three sons; a writer of novels, mystery tales, short stories, plays; an agonized observer and reporter of that Great War whose echoes will never die; a plucky and witty traveler, and a hobnobber with famous people all over the world—it is an autobiography which many an ambitious girl will study breathlessly. The style is easy, flowing and compact, in great contrast with that used in the life of another woman, also a trained nurse, living many years before Mrs. Rinehart. *Florence Nightingale*, by Irene Cooper Willis, is not an autobiography and is written especially for older girls. Mrs. Rinehart's difficulties in following her chosen profession were as nothing in comparison with those of Florence Nightingale. Living so many years earlier, when, as her biographer observes, "public opinion did not encourage any work for women outside the home circle", the difficulty with which she finally attained her great end is almost incredible to us of today.

A beautiful novel is Eleanor Farjeon's *Ladybrook*. Often the frame of a picture makes the picture itself of greater interest. The framework of *Ladybrook*—the manner of its telling and its gradual unfolding—makes doubly evident its unusual quality. The madcap heroine is a character whose strength and self-effacing beauty become increasingly apparent as the story gains in momentum and interest. Deborah is by no means merely the pretty maid who marries the fine sir, but a girl capable of noble friendship, one whose strength and control arouse our unqualified admiration. Page after page of lovely writing transports us to the very feel of English ground under our feet, to the sights and sounds of ancestral farms.

Remember the "five months for fifty cents" offer!

My Hobby

By CORINNE E. EDWARDS

Corinne Edwards won honorable mention in our recent Hobby Contest with her story about her interest in collecting shells. From time to time other hobby essays in the group which received honorable mention will appear here. So watch for them.

JACK AND JILL one Sunday morning cooked breakfast on hot stones among the rocks on the beach, and then set out to scramble over the rocks and search the tide pools. Each had a jar in one hand for seaweeds, starfish and shell folk, and a box in the other for shells.

Soon with a shout Jill fished from a tide pool a little green sea urchin covered with prickly spines and bearing a close resemblance to a chestnut burr. This was a rare treasure for the very beginning.

During her eight years of Girl Scouting Jill had been interested in shells. Now she was working on her Salt Water Life Finder Merit Badge and had interested Jack, so they were at the beach at half-low tide.

Jack found a perfect tide pool, rather deep and clear as a bell. They lay on their stomachs watching and poking around in the water and found a perfect starfish—some with an arm gone or half grown. These would show the girls at troop meeting how starfish can regenerate lost arms. Jack found one starfish with only the very center and one arm left, yet this fish was as lively as the others.

There in the cold water were long ribbons of kelp, olive-green rockweeds with air pockets to keep their fronds up in the water, and green strands of slime. Prawn of all sorts and tiny wigglers darted through the water. A barnacle was discovered pushing tiny, curled, feathery legs out of its mouth which created air currents, thus bringing it food. Jill discovered the little white feathery legs floating alone on the water. As barnacles belong to the crab family they too molt at certain times of the year.

Jack and Jill spied sea anemones, white and pink and round like half an apple, on the rocks under water. In appearance they were like a fringed flower but when touched they closed tightly.

A sculpin left stranded by the receding tide, nosing up under the rockweeds to hide, and a big hermit crab trying to get into a periwinkle shell were two other things they discovered. Some living specimens and many empty shells of periwinkles, purples, mussels, deep-sea clams, soft-shelled clams, slipper shells, rock barnacles, limpets, razor shells, many varieties of seaweeds as well as crabs, starfish, sea urchin, anemones, prawn and tubes of marine worms were taken home, when with clothes a bit damp, with scratches and cuts from kneeling in excitement on barnacles, and laden with treasures, Jack and Jill returned from their adventure.

Sunday afternoon Jill washed and mounted seaweeds and made aquariums in bright tins filled with clean sea water. Each contained two specimens of the ten kinds of sea life taken. They were kept on ice and they all were very lively and interesting at troop meeting the next day.

A knife you'll like for Camp and Hike

OODLES of things to do before you gather around the camp fire. Tent pegs to cut. Sticks to sharpen ... for hot-dog and marshmallow roasts. Bottles and cans to open. Holes to bore in leather, or wood. You'll find many other jobs for your sturdy Remington knife.

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Stamps

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Our June Contents

Art and Poetry

- Cover Design . . . Miriam Selss
Why Poetry? . . . Anne Lloyd 20

Stories

- Tad of the Heart Seven
Lenora Mattingly Weber 6
Illustrations by Frank Spradling
A Present from Paris
Anne McQueen 12
Illustrations by Joan Esley
Jo Ann and the Pup!
Ellis Parker Butler 16
Illustrations by Garrett Price
Mystery at Shadylawn
Mabel Cleland 22
Illustrations by Edward Poucher

Special Article

- Grooming on Time
Hazel Rawson Cades 15
Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell

Our Merit Badge Pages

- When Prom Time Comes (*Dancer*)
Lucile Marsh 10
Illustrations by Cornelia Brownlee
Fish Net for Sports (*Craftsman*)
Helen Perry Curtis 19
Illustrations by Harriet Moneure
Mozart, a Child Wonder (*Musician*)
Jerome D. Bohm 21
Decoration by Elaine Mason
Vegetables Green and New
(*Cook*) . . . Winifred Moses 25
Books for That Girl Graduate
(*Scribe*) Sophie L. Goldsmith 42

Our Girl Scout Pictures

- June Days Are Here Again 26, 27

Our Scribes' Corner

- Outdoors with Girl Scouts . . . 28

Other Pages of Interest

- Along the Editor's Trail . . . 3
Well, of All Things! . . . 5
Awards in the Book Contest . . 41
Laugh and Grow Scout . . . 47
My Hobby . Corinne E. Edwards 49
Our Puzzle Pack . George Carlson 50

OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Girl Scout Song

Among the many happy memories of Girl Scout camping days are the times when a jolly group gathered around the big campfire would lift their youthful voices in some good song. And where will you find better songs than the old time favorites and the many fine ones especially written for Girl Scouts, with words that every Girl Scout should know?

This month our puzzle is what is known as an enigma and has for its subject the name of a very popular Girl Scout song. The title contains exactly twenty-two letters and the names of the various objects pictured here also contain exactly the same letters. The numbers given are the order in which these letters appear in the title of the song. Can you work out the answer?

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Slips obliquely
2. Weight of precious stones
3. Angry
4. Something assumed
5. Checks

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change SPIN into YARN in ten moves.

Concealed Gems

The names of five gems are concealed in the following sentences:

1. As the boy reached the top all the spectators cheered.
2. The rider stopped at a gate, dismounted and called.
3. I went to see Lydia Monday, and Helen, Friday.
4. Eddie took the pear, leaving the peach for me.
5. The boy painted his top azure blue with a bright crimson band around it.

By MARY GRACE STAPLES, Troop Forty-six, Astoria, New York.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

When is a white dog or a black cat most likely to enter a bungalow?

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, eight new words will be formed. The eight added letters will spell the name of a flower.

1. Ark
2. Men
3. Age
4. Rate
5. Rain
6. Men
7. And
8. Rain

An Acrostic

The first and last letters of the ten four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two large well known cities.

1. A pellet
2. In
3. Units of weight
4. A Roman garment
5. To twist into threads
6. A two-masted ship
7. To incite
8. A small stream
9. A storm
10. Chickens

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

IN THE LAND OF PUZZLE SIGNS: 1. Face, rule, idea, even, Nero, doff, loud, Yule, FRIENDLY, CHEERFUL. 2. Dutiful. 3. Sincere. 4. "Do a good turn daily." 5. Log + lass = glass + yard (3 feet) — RD + lace = ace + type + N — pen = LOYALTY.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:
D I M E S
I N A N E
M A L T A
E N T E R
S E A R S

WORD JUMPING: Hint, pint, pine, pane, pace, face, fact.

A CHARADE: Magnolia.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Wrong.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell TANGER.

AN ENIGMA: A Girl Scout is a friend to animals.

The summer issues are the best ever! Order them through the fifty-cent offer today!



Old Faithful Inn at Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming . . . Of course ice-cold Coca-Cola is served.

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Another OLD FAITHFUL— *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola

OF THE hundreds of thousands who every season pour through YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, everybody stops to see OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER. Once every hour it shoots for a few minutes its stream of boiling spray 120 to 170 feet into the air. Then it

rests . . . What an interesting place to pause. Of course Coca-Cola is there. This great drink gives you a tingling, delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment. At work or at play it cheers up your rest period, and you are off to a fresh start.

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A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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world.) Ensures correct fit to every
wearer.

Children's Sizes

| | 8½ | 9 | 9½ | 10 | 10½ | 11 |
|---|----|---|----|----|-----|----|
| A | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| B | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| C | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| D | x | x | x | x | x | x |

Famous Lord-Kepner Elk
Leather Used Exclusively

Misses' Sizes

| | 11½ | 12 | 12½ | 13 | 13½ | 1 | 1½ | 2 |
|----|-----|----|-----|----|-----|---|----|---|
| AA | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| A | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| B | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| C | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| D | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |

No foot too small or too large
None too wide or too narrow

Women's and Girls' Sizes

| | 2½ | 3 | 3½ | 4 | 4½ | 5 | 5½ | 6 | 6½ | 7 | 7½ | 8 | 8½ | 9 | 9½ | 10 | 10½ | 11 | 11½ | 12 |
|------|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|---|----|----|-----|----|-----|----|
| AAAA | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| AAA | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| AA | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| A | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| B | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| C | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |
| D | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x | x |

Sizes

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State _____
Size _____ Width _____
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